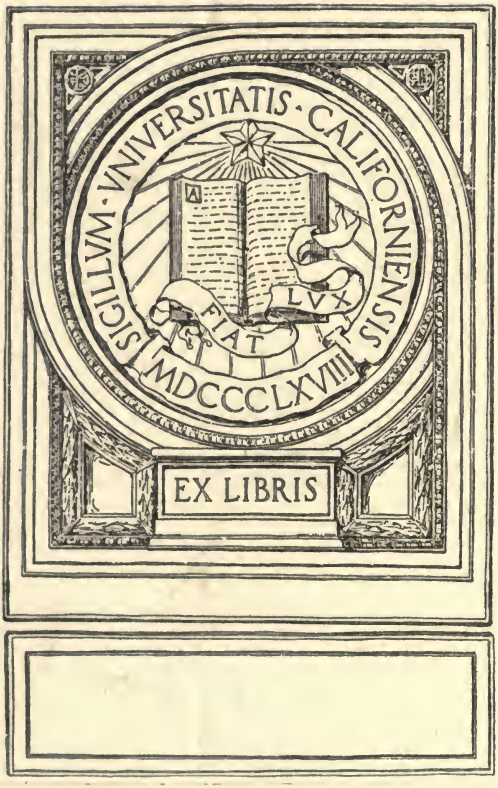
REMENYI

MUSICIAN AND MAN

AN APPRECIATION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EDOUARD REMENYI

MUSICIAN, LITTERATEUR, AND MAN

An Appreciation

Die echte Verklärung
in der Kunst ist
das ewig natürliche.

Edouard Remenyi

(From a photograph taken in Riverside, California, in 1895)

EDOUARD REMENYI

Musician, Litterateur, and Man

An Appreciation

WITH SKETCHES OF HIS LIFE AND ARTISTIC CAREER, BY FRIENDS AND CONTEMPORARIES, TO WHICH ARE ADDED CRITICAL REVIEWS OF HIS PLAYING AND SELECTIONS FROM HIS LITERARY PAPERS AND CORRESPONDENCE

BY
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AND
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ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

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FOREWORD

IN presenting the following portions of letters from Edouard Remenyi, and supplementary sketches kindly furnished by a few of his friends, I wish it to be understood that it has never been my idea to make this a complete biography. It is rather a gathering up and weaving together of the leaves which Remenyi himself had requested me to save — the skeleton of a work that "might have been."

GWENDOLYN DUNLEVY KELLEY.

EDITOR'S NOTE

AS my collaborator says, this work is not to be regarded as a biography in the ordinary meaning of that word. It is simply a collection of biographical documents, many of them intrusted to her by Remenyi, others contributed at her solicitation by his personal friends and members of his family. It was his desire that this material should be preserved, and it was unquestionably his intention some day to use it in making a story of his life. That day unfortunately never came, but his friend, Miss Kelley, knowing his purpose, collected the material after his death, added her own enthusiastic tribute, and intrusted the whole to me to be edited. This I have done, carrying out to the best of my ability the purpose merely of preserving the documentary information necessary for a complete biography of the artist and of furnishing a valuable work of reference for musical students.

GEORGE P. UPTON.

CHICAGO, February 1, 1906.

EDOUARD REMENYI

MUSICIAN, LITTERATEUR, AND MAN

PART I

BIOGRAPHICAL AND APPRECIATIVE

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

EDOUARD REMENYI was born at Miskolcz, Hungary, July 17, 1830. He was of Jewish descent, son of John and Rosalie Hoffmann, and at some later period Hungarianized his name to Remenyi.* The earliest reports affirm that he began the study of music in Eger, Heves County, at the age of seven, but his childhood was mainly spent in Miskolcz, capital of the county of Borsod. That he should have Hungarianized his name is not strange. To the end of his adventurous life, though always a restless wanderer, appearing and disappearing in the strangest manner, he was an ardent Hungarian, and his national sentiment was reflected alike in his life and in his music.

** Riemann, in the latest edition of his "Dictionary of Music," enters Remenyi as follows: "Remenyi, Edouard (Hoffmann, called R.), famous violinist," etc.*

Remenyi's musical career began in 1839, about which time he entered the Vienna Conservatory, where he studied the violin under Joseph Böhm, the teacher of Joachim and Laube. Some writers state that he was at this time a pupil of Joachim's, which is manifestly incorrect, as both entered the Conservatory at about the same time, Remenyi being then nine and Joachim eight years of age. Little is known of Remenyi's work in the Conservatory, except that he carried off one or two prizes. That he made satisfactory progress is certain, for shortly after his graduation he gave concerts at Pesth with great success.

The year 1848 was an eventful one in the young artist's life. The uprising against Austria, organized by Kossuth and others, appealed to Remenyi, as it did to all young Hungarians, and roused his patriotic fervor. As soon as the opportunity offered itself, he took service under General Görgey, who succeeded Kossuth as dictator, and acted as a kind of musical *aide-de-camp* to that officer. The revolutionary army hailed him as its camp violinist. His superior officer also evidently considered his violin a more effective agency in the service than his sword, for he would not permit him to go into battle. There are stories that, carried away by enthusiasm, he sometimes eluded Görgey's vigilance and was found on the field, but even there he was carefully protected; Görgey knew the value of his musical

services, and saved him from any unnecessary risks. So his time was mainly occupied in keeping up the spirits of the revolutionists by playing the "czardas" about the watchfires, or the "Racokzy march" from village to village with its stirring call to arms. That the Government appreciated the dangerous possibilities of his playing in spreading the insurrectionary spirit is shown by its effort to suppress it, but he escaped its vigilance. The revolution was short-lived, however. The final surrender was made at Vilàgos, August 13, 1849.

Like many another, Remenyi was obliged to expatriate himself and seek refuge in the United States, where he supported himself by the practice of his art. His first concert was given at Niblo's Garden, New York, January 19, 1850, with the assistance of Mme. Stephani, a soprano vocalist, H. C. Timm, pianist, and William Scharfenberg, pianist and violinist,—two of the ablest musicians of that time, —and an orchestra led by Theodore Eisfeld, one of the pioneers of orchestral music in this country. He remained in the United States but six months and then returned to Europe.

The year 1853 marked an eventful period in Remenyi's life. Early in that year he was giving concerts in Hamburg. Upon one occasion, his accompanist being ill, he made inquiries among the local musicians for a substitute and was referred to Brahms, who was at that time teaching music and

much in need of money. Brahms readily accepted Remenyi's offer, and so commended himself by his great ability that the latter was delighted with him and suggested that they should make a concert tour. Brahms, who was as young, as enthusiastic, and as poor as his associate, at once accepted the proposition. They left Hamburg in the Spring of 1853 for Weimar, paying their travelling expenses by giving concerts; for Remenyi had still another object in view. He wished to go to Weimar to introduce to Liszt the genius he had discovered. Upon reaching Hanover Remenyi called upon Joachim, who had been his fellow-student in Vienna, and asked him for a letter of introduction for Brahms and himself to King George, who was quite a musical amateur. The two played before His Majesty, who applauded Remenyi's performance but failed to recognize Brahms's ability, though subsequently he was forced to concede it. Arriving at Weimar, they promptly called upon Liszt and were given the hospitality of his home. Upon their first meeting they played to Liszt, and Liszt in turn played some of Brahms's compositions, among them a sonata, during the performance of which Brahms went to sleep. Subsequently he explained his discourteous act by saying that he was too fatigued by his journey to keep awake. Liszt, however, was so unfavorably disposed toward Brahms on account of his seeming slight that Remenyi urged his companion to make

a change. He wrote at once to Joachim, asking him to give Brahms a letter of introduction to Schumann. With this letter, which prepared the way for his subsequent success, Brahms left for Düsseldorf, Remenyi remaining with Liszt. The first tidings they heard from Brahms was contained in the famous article, "Neue Bahnen," which Schumann wrote for the Leipsic, "Neue Zeitschrift für Musik," in which he hailed Brahms as the "New Messiah of Music." This is the version of their relations substantially as given by Remenyi himself.

There are other versions of this interesting episode. Joachim himself has contributed a statement to the new edition of Grove's "Dictionary of Music," saying in effect that while Remenyi and Brahms were at Hanover they visited him. He felt that Brahms had a great future before him, and that association with Remenyi, whose career was to be that of a virtuoso, would not suit his tastes. He therefore suggested to Brahms, if at any time he should wish for more congenial work, to let him know. Some weeks after this, Brahms visited Joachim at Göttingen, and at the close of his stay his host gave him a letter to Schumann.

Dr. Herman Deiters, in his biographical sketch of Brahms, says:

"In 1853 he left home to accompany the Hungarian violinist Remenyi on a concert tour. During his tour he visited among other places

Hanover, Göttingen, and Weimar, and by his playing and compositions, attracted the attention of Joachim and Liszt. The former was especially struck, when, in Göttingen, on account of the low pitch of the piano, Brahms transposed Beethoven's "Kreutzer Sonata," without having the notes before him, from A into B flat. This success resulted in his severing his connection with Remenyi and going to Düsseldorf in October, 1853, with an introduction from Joachim to Schumann."

It should not be difficult to understand the reasons for the separation of Remenyi and Brahms. Notwithstanding Brahms's unfortunate experience at his first meeting with Liszt — which is confirmed by William Mason, at that time a pupil of Liszt — the latter was greatly interested in his music. Joachim had also recognized his superior ability; and when Schumann not only recognized it, but recorded his prophecy concerning "this chosen youth, over whose cradle the Graces and Heroes seem to have kept watch," is it strange that Brahms should have felt that he had come to the parting of the ways with his companion, who was a gypsy by nature and a virtuoso by profession, and that he must take the "new paths" which were to lead him to creative success? This much, however, must be placed to Remenyi's credit, he was the first to recognize Brahms's ability. With all the enthusiasm of his impulsive nature he declared to Liszt that he had discovered a genius. He made him known to Joachim and Liszt, and through them to Schumann, who made him known to the world. Remenyi never cherished resentment

against Brahms for ignoring him. A short time before his death he began to write a complete account of his personal relations with Brahms for Mr. W. S. B. Matthews's magazine, "Music," but he finished only an introductory fragment. It contains the following striking characterization as well as friendly tribute to his old companion:

"Taking a broad view of him, Brahms was a man; a manly nature in contrast to the degenerate effemination of present-day art; a sturdy North German, sound to the roots, detesting pretences and mannerisms, an enemy of empty phrases; distinguished, forcible in character, strong in will and sentiment; a man possessing under a hard and rough exterior a warm and throbbing heart. Thus in Brahms the requirements for a true artist are an inseparable unit. Equipped with the highest artistic endowments, genius, and originality, having the power which can create and need not borrow, endowed with artistic culture in all its ramifications, he has created masterpieces, long secure in the sacred shrine of German music; treasures wrought of precious metal, remaining untarnished forever. Brahms's systematic development reminds one forcibly of the evolution of Beethoven; a healthy instinct conjoined with imperturbable self-criticism always guarded him against mistake; and, although a born lyrist, he withstood the alluring voice of the stage, and never was faithless to his mission."

In passing, it is pleasant to note the high opinion Liszt formed of Remenyi as an artist. In 1854 he writes to Karl Klindworth:

"Your Murl* connection and Murl-wanderings with Remenyi are an excellent dispensation of fate, and on July 6, the day of your concert at Leicester, the Weimar Murls shall be invited to supper at the Altenberg, and Remenyi and Klindworth shall be toasted for ever."

* *Liszt was the President of the Murls, or anti-Philistines, in Weimar.*

Ten years later, writing to Franz Brendel, he says:

"Of all the violinists I know I could scarcely name three who could equal him as regards effect."

Five years later still he writes to Johann Von Herbeck:

"He has delighted and captivated every one here, the critics as well as the public, and that is verily no small matter, for in Weimar we are accustomed to the most distinguished violin-virtuosos."

Liszt refers to him still more explicitly and enthusiastically in "The Gypsies and their Music in Hungary":

"While the time seems to be near at hand when the national character of the different schools shall disappear and Bohemian music become a thing of the past, I have met with lively satisfaction a young Hungarian, who has retained sufficient individuality and spontaneousness to warrant that he will be written of some day in the same strain as Csermak. Remenyi, although not a Romany, has become imbued with Bohemian feeling and art. I have never heard him without experiencing an emotion which revived the recollection left by Bihary. . . . . In spite of the applause with which he has invariably been greeted, he appears to be one of the few artists who have a higher object than to make themselves a name by means of which to amass a fortune, and who throughout their life are never done with progress, but keep on steadily toward a superior ideal. . . . To reproduce Bohemian art as it ruled in Hungary in its brightest days, something very different from the colorless and commonplace imitations of the modern artist is needed. Remenyi is gifted with a vivacious, generous disposition which rebels against monotony, and whose originality shows through everything and in spite of everything. This is a token of the vitality of his talent and insures him a special place in the gallery of men who have given new life to a deserved branch of art."

This statement shows the interest which was taken about this period in Magyar music, of which Remenyi, not only then, but to the end of his life, was an ardent exponent. It has always had an influence upon modern music, and even upon the classical masters, Haydn, Beethoven, Schubert, and others; but it is most conspicuously shown in the music of the Liszt period, notably in that composer's oratorio, "The Legend of Saint Elizabeth," his symphonic poem "Hungaria," and the "Rhapsodies Hongroises"; the "Hungarian Concerto" of Joachim; and the "Hungarian Dances" arranged by Brahms in a German setting, as well as in other chamber and pianoforte work of this strictly German composer. It can hardly be doubted that the latter's association with Remenyi inspired the "Ungarische Tänze." To be convinced of this it is only necessary to recall the spirited controversy twenty-five years ago, when Brahms was accused of plagiarism by Remenyi and his friends, who alleged, not merely that he had published Magyar folk songs as his own, but had appropriated some of Remenyi's own melodies.

Now Remenyi's "wander years" began. From 1854 to 1860 he was engaged in concert tours upon the Continent and in England, where he not only gave concerts of his own but played several times in the Philharmonic series. His English career was crowned by the honor of appointment as solo violinist to music-loving Queen Victoria. In 1860

he was amnestied and returned to Hungary, where he was welcomed most enthusiastically by the people. His political offences had not been so grave, nor his service in the army so unpardonable, as to constitute him *persona non grata* with the Austrian government eleven years after the suppression of the rebellion. On the contrary, the Emperor followed the example of Queen Victoria and appointed him chamber musician and solo violinist in the Court band. He made few public appearances, however, at this time, preferring for some reason to retire to an estate which he owned in Hungary. In 1864 we hear of him in Rome; Liszt writes of his playing there with great success at the Teatro Argentina, and a month or two later he mentions his concerts at Carlsruhe. In 1865 Remenyi emerged once more into the full glare of the musical world and made his first appearance in Paris, where his salon concerts raised a perfect furore among the French aristocracy. Concerts followed in Germany, Belgium, Holland, and other countries, which added greatly to his reputation and gave him a prominent place among virtuosos. In 1869 Liszt speaks of him in Weimar, and in 1870 he was back in London repeating his former successes. Early in the seventies he had an orchestra at Budapest.

In 1872 he was married to Miss Gisella de Fay de Faj, daughter of a famous Hungarian musician, by whom he had two children, twins, Adrienne and

Tibor. His friendship with Liszt at this time was somewhat weakened, though Liszt was at his wedding and wrote some special music for the occasion. He was also concertizing with Liszt in 1872 and assisted at his jubilee in Budapest.

Remenyi's movements were never made by schedule. Routine was impossible in his uncertain career. Hence it was never safe to predict where he would be from one season to another. In the latter part of 1873 he made a home tour. In 1874 he was in Egypt, and played to the Arabs on the great Cheops pyramid. In 1875 he was in Paris, playing in the salons and the Pasdeloup concerts. In the Spring of 1877 London heard him again, and in the Summer he was back in Paris. In the Summer of 1878 he played in the Rivière concerts, Covent Garden, London. In the Autumn of that year he made his second visit to the United States, giving his first concert at Steinway Hall, New York, November 11. During the next few weeks he played in the New York Philharmonic concerts; in the Brooklyn Philharmonic concerts under Theodore Thomas's baton; in the Carlberg symphony concerts, in Boston, Hartford, and, in the latter part of December, in Washington, where he was the guest of President Hayes at the White House. The following year he continued his American tour, playing in New York, Albany, Troy, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Chicago, Quincy, Illinois, Burlington, Iowa, and other cities. In 1880 he went

as far west as Colorado and greatly enjoyed himself in the mining camps, where he made himself a favorite with the miners by his impromptu performances.

Then followed another of his mysterious disappearances. The next tidings of the wanderer came from Australia, where he had made a new discovery — the brilliant vocalist, Melba. The next year he was in India, and from 1886 to 1890, where was he not? There are records of him in the Sandwich Islands, Japan, China, Cochin China, Tasmania, New Zealand, Burmah, Singapore, Java, Mauritius, the Philippines, Ceylon, Madagascar, South Africa, where he made a fresh discovery — this time, violins, — and numerous other remote places. His movements were always mysterious. There would be long silences; then would come detailed reports of his death. How many times he was shipwrecked, captured by savages and assassinated! How many times he vanished from human sight! How many times he was reported deserted and dying in strange countries! Soon, however, he would be announced as playing in some place on the far edge of the world, — always happy, always finding something beautiful, always a roamer, always a gypsy. In 1891 his Far Eastern travels were over and he went back to London. He stayed there a few weeks, and then, after sixteen years of absence, went to Hungary and home, if he can be said to have had a home!

Remenyi was now sixty-one years of age. He had

travelled the world over, had delighted many strange peoples with his playing, had been a favorite everywhere, and, notwithstanding his restlessness and eccentricity of habit had made an excellent reputation and occupied a prominent place among violin virtuosos. It would have been better perhaps, had he retired from the stage and been contented to settle down in Hungary. But he was not a man to settle down. The *Wanderlust* was always strong in his nature. Though not a Romany he had the Romany spirit, and to wander about and see beautiful things and play his violin was a necessity to him, even now when no one knew better than he that his powers were on the wane and that the spell of his playing was disappearing.

Remenyi's long career of more than half a century came to its close in this country. In March, 1898, he was in Boston. It was his initial engagement in vaudeville entertainment, but he drew a better class of auditors than is usually to be found in vaudeville houses, and among them many musicians. He played with much of his old fire and animal spirits, for to the last he played as if he were playing to himself, who was greatly enjoying it; but to many of his hearers the fineness of his art passed without appreciation.

In the following May he played in San Francisco at the Orpheum Theatre, another vaudeville house, to large and enthusiastic audiences. He was not

well when he arrived there. On the fifteenth he went to the concert against his physician's advice. His reception was extremely cordial, but it was apparent that he was not in his customary good spirits. After playing the "Liberty Hymn" he was recalled and had played a few bars from Delibes' "Pizzicato" in the "Sylvia" suite, when he suddenly fell forward unconscious and died soon after of apoplexy. His body was sent to New York. Memorial services were held in the Lenox Lyceum, and he was buried in Evergreen Cemetery, May 29. His long wanderings were over.

He passed away as he wished, playing his loved instrument. For more than sixty years the violin had been his inseparable companion; and the favorite instrument of his collection, a Stradivarius, always rested in its case upon a leaf of his favorite palms.

Sir George Grove in his "Dictionary of Music and Musicians" aptly characterizes Remenyi as "the wandering musician *par excellence*, and at intervals, when the whim takes him, he will disappear from public view altogether. But although somewhat of the nature of a comet, he is undoubtedly a star of the first magnitude in his own sphere." The same authority is also correct when he says: "Altogether his genius will be most appreciated in the drawing-room, where his marked individuality is felt more immediately than in a big concert hall."

A comet in the musical firmament certainly he was; moving in no regular orbit, his disappearances strange, his coming and going not to be calculated, governed by none of the fixed laws that govern the other stars, subject only to his own vagrant fancies, the Romany of music. He never travelled the beaten tracks laid out by managers. His own fancies were his managers, and they were as uncertain as the winds. One month in Parisian salons, the next found him among strange peoples in the Orient. The only certain thing in Remenyi's musical life was that he would not be where he ought to be at a given time, and that he was just where he wished to be.

It is not easy to describe Remenyi's playing. His technique was so phenomenal that difficulties did not exist for him. His tone was bright, appealing, and penetrating, and its beautiful quality was enhanced by his always superior instruments. He was not a severely correct and intellectual player like César Thompson or Wilhelmj, for instance, both of whom he greatly admired, by way of contrast to his own style, which was emotional, impulsive, passionate, and altogether temperamental; now vigorous and virile, again poetical and dreamy, according to the mood of the moment. He had extravagances at times, as emotional players often do. He had mannerisms also, but they were the mannerisms of his moods, not mannerisms for effect upon the thoughtless, like those of the pianist, De Pachmann, for instance.

At one moment he would be very serious, and then, as the character of the music changed, he would smile and talk to himself. Probably no one enjoyed Remenyi's playing more than Remenyi himself. He was a worshipper of beauty, a musical poet whose fancies were informed by the Oriental spirit, and who was prone to follow where those fancies led. Hence while the classics were in his repertory — and he played Bach and Beethoven with fine effect — he was more at home in warmly colored and strongly accentuated music. In such works, which, unlike the classics, did not restrain him within limits, and which gave free rein to his fancies, he was at his best. Sir George Grove was right when he said that Remenyi's marked individuality would be felt more immediately in a drawing-room than in a big concert hall. He always made himself felt most strongly by his individual appeal. He knew this himself. A friend once said to him: " You can do a thing awfully well when your technique is good; but when you have lived it, you can make your audience do it with you." Remenyi replied: " There is sure to be in every audience at least one heart to which I may talk. That is enough. I fix my eyes upon him. We understand each other; or, I may not see him, but he is there. I feel it. As to the rest, if they do not understand, I will make them feel."

Effective as Remenyi was in a concert room, and powerfully as he could sway an audience by the

magic of his bow, he was at his best in private when he was thoroughly in the mood and those present were congenial. I have heard him more than a score of times in concert halls, alone, and with orchestral accompaniment, but never have I heard him play with such spirit and effect, and, I should add, with such artistic conscientiousness, as one afternoon in 1878 at a friend's house,* when, with Max Vogrich at the piano, he played hour after hour, walking the floor at times and talking softly to himself, or smiling and addressing a pertinent word to some one present. During that memorable afternoon he played selections from the repertory of violin works from the Bach Chaconne down to his favorite czardas, besides one or two extraordinary compositions by Vogrich.†

Remenyi was not a voluminous composer. Julius Fuchs, in his valuable "Kritik der Tonwerke," classifies but five of his works, *viz.*, Fantasia, "Les Huguenots," which is dedicated to the Emperor of Germany; "Valse Nobile"; "Introduction and Marche Hongroise"; Fantasia, "Barber of Seville," and "Liberty Hymn." He wrote others, mostly manuscript, among them "Death of Gezirel Hassan," "A Tragedy," "Hungarian Hymn," three

* *Upon this occasion Theodore Thomas, Otto Singer, Julius Fuchs, A. W. Dohn, and Anna Mehlig, the pianist, were present.*

† *Max Vogrich, at this time a young man touring with Remenyi, was making a stir in the world with his piano-playing and compositions. Since that time he has written three operas, an oratorio, a mass, ten symphonies, several concertos, songs, piano pieces, etc.*

"Morceaux Hongrois," and two violin concertos; and he had planned a series of twelve compositions, illustrating the span of life, which began with a Castilian dance measure. He also wrote several transcriptions of the Field nocturnes, and Chopin waltzes and polonaises, an arrangement of a Gregorian chant, as well as transcriptions from Bach's and Schubert's music, some of which were incorporated in a work arranged by him and entitled "Nouvelle Ecole du Violon." He wrote many Hungarian melodies which have been freely appropriated by other composers as folk-music. Indeed, if his Hungarian compositions and arrangements could be collected and carefully edited they would prove an important addition to the music of that nationality. It was in transcription that Remenyi chiefly excelled.

Remenyi's personality was curiously engaging. He was somewhat short of stature and stout of build, though one of the most abstemious of men in his habits.* He had a large, well-shaped head, smooth face, somewhat heavy features, and bright, expressive eyes. He looked more like a well conditioned monastery brother than a musician; indeed, he affected none of the physical eccentricities or odd

** Upon one occasion a dinner was given for him at one of the principal hotels in Chicago. His host had arranged a most elaborate menu. The oysters, soup, fish, and wine were declined by him successively to the astonishment of the party; when the entrées were reached Remenyi, who had been the life of the occasion, took from his pocket a small bag of crackers, asked the waiter to bring him a glass of milk, and these constituted his dinner.*

habits sometimes employed by musicians and artists for sensational impression. He was impulsive and spontaneous in manner, and naive and original in his speech, and particularly so in his letters, which are curious for their mixture of slang and polyglot (he was master of several languages), odd spellings and capitalizations, bright flashes of wit, poor puns, and brusqueness and childlikeness of expression. He was generous to a fault, nearly always happy and genial, diplomatic in his social contact, a man of the world and a thorough cosmopolitan. Considering the years he had devoted to travel, his love of pleasure and his wide range of experience in all parts of the world, it is surprising that he preserved such a remarkable freshness of spirit and keenness of enjoyment to the last. He was devotedly fond of travel, a close observer of men and nature, and a worshipper of beauty in all its forms. He was a connoisseur in many directions and made valuable collections of pictures, bric-a-brac, and violins. His habits were extremely simple, though he was fond of being among beautiful things and greatly enjoyed a luxurious environment. Undoubtedly had Remenyi devoted himself more closely to study, grounded himself more securely in the classics, and kept his moods in closer subjection, he might have been a greater artist than he was; but it was not possible for a man of his temperament to submit to rules or routine. He was " a comet " in the musical sky, as Sir George Grove

described him. He was uninfluenced by precedent, careless of traditions, the product of no school, and yet " a star of the first magnitude."

GEORGE P. UPTON.

The following data concerning Remenyi's life in Hungary were supplied by the Royal Hungarian Academy of Music, and forwarded to Miss Kelley by Hon. Frank Dyer-Chester, United States Consul at Budapest, in 1903:

His childhood years were spent in the city of Miskolcz, northeast of Budapest. His brother Anthony was an attorney, and his cousin, Edward R., jr., was a professor in the Upper Gymnasium, both of Budapest.

His first appearance in Pesth was at the end of the forties.

He took part in the War for Independence (1848-49) as Görgey's camp violinist.

He was associated with the Hungarian exiles in London in the fifties, chiefly with Imre Szekely, the pianist.

He settled down in Pesth in 1860 and gave concerts both there and in the country.

In the National Theatre in Budapest, contrary to the orders of the police, he played the " Racokzy March, " and in the same building he eulogized Cornelia Bollosy in 1863, in a stage-speech.

The fund for the statues of Petofi and Dugonies was created with the help of his concerts.

At Budapest, in connection with Liszt and Joachim, he gave concerts; and first fell out and afterwards made up with Mosonyi, Bartalus, and other editors of the " Zeneszeti Lapok " (Musical Leaves).

He acted as orchestra-director at the National Theatre in the seventies. Differences took place between him and the orchestra,

as well as with Francis Erkel and the government's representative, the intendant, Baron Felix Orczy.

His friendship with Liszt weakened.

He took part in the Liszt jubilee at Budapest in 1873, and acted as intermediary with Count Andrassy toward the calling of Liszt to the Royal Hungarian National Academy of Music.

He departed from Budapest.

He returned home after sixteen years of absence, in 1891, and made a tour through the country.

His compositions and Italian letters are published in the " Zeneszeti Lapok."

He married the daughter of Anthony Faj, the noted pianist and composer, and on the occasion of his wedding Liszt composed a special march.

His accompanist was now Alexander Plotanyi, the accomplished pianist.

II

MASTER AND MAN

IN memory of the master who has laid his magical bow for ever aside, but whose music is not dead, I may perhaps explain that during the last few years of his life it was my good fortune to be acquainted intimately with Remenyi, not only as the wonderful violinist, the companion of the greatest musicians and writers and artists of his period, but as a personal friend, and that I thus became familiar with the traits of this strongly marked character, which was as unique as it was gifted.

His artistic execution and his profound knowledge of the subtlest secrets of his Stradivarius were, as his wife expressed it, perhaps " the smallest part of Remenyi," for his mind was one of the quickest and most brilliant I have ever known. While he may not have had the peculiar mental ability which fits a man to take a successful part in the strenuous business life of this twentieth century, his thought had remarkable keenness and rapidity. His powers of observation were extraordinary, and his memory was retentive of the minutest details. His stores of wit and anecdote were unlimited, and his knowledge of

history and painting was so extensive that his own private collection of art works was that of a *connoisseur*. His familiarity with the literature of the book world equalled his familiarity with what he termed " the literature of the violin," for which he did so much and which it was ever his aim to elevate and increase. With all this was blended the strange musical temperament of the virtuoso, ranging the whole gamut from exalted enthusiasm and altruism to pathetic sadness, combined with the simplicity of a child. This human power, which carries with it that intangible promise and conviction of what the Italians call *simpatica* was Remenyi's. He held the key to this mystery, and it was not alone his bow that stirred the minds and hearts of those who felt his magnetism. His art was a form of prayer, and often he would play, as in a *méditation religieuse*, both touchingly and upliftingly, music that appealed to the listener's soul.

Though a patriot, he was also a cosmopolite. He observed and absorbed everything beautiful. His vigor was stimulating to those who, like " ships that pass in the night," even casually met him, and when he had gone there seemed an emptiness, where his vitalizing personality had been. Once, when Remenyi had been charming us by his conversation and impromptu music, he brought forth a rare Hungarian root, *orveny gyokir*, and, asking for some glowing embers, placed the spicy root among them, filling the rooms with faint wreaths of bluish smoke, and

diffusing an intoxicating, delicate fragrance, more subtle than incense, which, combined with the sobbing music of his violin, fairly enthralled the senses. Remenyi was gone, but the room seemed still to hold in its very emptiness something of the magical, weird scherzo, and of the unique personality he had lived into it, and the scent of his Hungarian root lingered, as the shadow of his music.

" All must be in harmony in this Grecian house," he had said. " Where architecture is represented in these beautiful pillars as well as in art and literature, you must also have an æsthetic incense — an atmosphere. I will give you the root." Then, to hold this root, he gave me a low bronze tripod vase presented to him at the Chinese court, the imperial stamp of the Ming dynasty upon it, with the lost glaze of that apogee of Oriental art.

Such was Remenyi as I knew him in my home. Such also was he in his own house; while his magnetism charmed every member, he found time also to look after their individual interests and tastes. His hand was ever outstretched to promote the projects or hopes of " the least of these." Nor was his benevolence confined to his inner circle. In many remote towns and villages, his musical genius and the power of his personality left their impress, as he brought light, advice, and help to the struggling. He had always time to listen. His interest in humanity was so vividly real that the young found ever a friend

in him. His manner toward them was so unostentatious and genuine that they soon found all embarrassment melting away beneath the sunlight of his humor and verve; and at last, absorbed by his interesting conversation, their lips too became unsealed. Yet this was the great player, whose travels had taken him many times to the remotest corners of the globe, the man whose friends were legion, from Liszt and Victor Hugo (with whom Remenyi lived for years in Paris) and from the courts of Europe and the Orient, down to the humblest villagers. Such was the man whose love of his native Hungary was so exalted and so influential that the Austrian government was at one time on the point of setting a price upon his head.

Remenyi's optimism was tremendous, his love of men intense, his admiration for women profound. Truly he gave lavishly of his stores, not only by his rarely brilliant conversational powers, but by his extensive correspondence. His letters, written as the mood seized him, were varied in the extreme; some were witty, quaint, full of legends, notes on his travels and concerts, and were spontaneously original. But master-brains are the most effervescent and sparkling in play-time! In contrast with these were others, serious or poetic, in which he spoke of setting down stray ideas " as they came to him." He bade me keep them, as he intended using them as the " skeleton," so he called it, of the book it was in his

mind " some day " to write, on Music, Art, Nature, etc., as he viewed them. Alas, that " some day " never came; the book never was written; for Remenyi dropped dead in San Francisco, at the time of the Spanish War, while he was playing an encore to the song of our country for an immense and enthusiastic audience; and so the " skeleton " of the work which was to have been remained in my library, where, in rearranging the letters and looking at his photograph, his intention was recalled to my mind. No collection of fragments can approach what his own completed work would have been; yet, knowing his intention, I thought that, rather than lock these letters and papers away from the thousands who have been swayed by his music and personality, I would attempt to weave the mosaic bits together. The result, such as it is, I can only bring as a tribute to the memory of my friend.

Delightful as Remenyi was in his graciousness when upon the concert-stage, it was even more charming to hear him when, taking out his rare violin, he would awaken the echoes in an all but empty room. Sometimes he would happen in informally and, after visiting a little while, would play by the hour—his Stradivarius seeming transformed into a complete orchestra, as it pealed out in the stillness of the place, thrilling one with vivid tone-pictures of his land and rhapsodies of his own composition, their *motifs* sometimes allegro, conveying

the impression at times of a bit of Grieg, with close harmony and light in all, marvellous in execution, but with a certain original spirit and fine shading. How well I remember him at such times, as he would lean against the arm of a chair, the dim light bringing out all the strength of his rugged features, so that each phrase of the musical conception he was rendering seemed reflected in his fast-changing expressions! His eyes would look into space, although his instrument seemed verily alive beneath the lightning play of his fingers. Again his foot marked the measure, as the concourse of tone mounted from depths of pathetic harmony or simple aria, in ever-varying crescendos, up toward the climax of the glorious finale, his weird fire-tone thrilling beneath his brilliant technique until, with a circular sweep of his bow, he would end with unequalled brilliancy. The air seemed fairly quivering as he ceased, as if his Stradivarius, a living thing, were pulsing under its master's touch. He often rose and, with dreamy eyes, would wander from room to room, returning slowly. When the last tones had died away he would give a short sigh; then, covering his instrument in its silken wrappings with tender touch, he would place it with extreme precision and care upon the palm leaves in its soft-lined case. His watchfulness over his beloved Stradivarius was striking. He usually had with him two violins, deeply toned with age, the lost lustre of Cremona. But his

care of one of these was especially jealous; he seldom allowed it to be handled by others, and generally carried it, during his travels, with his own hand. Its secrets he held in his heart, and at the soft but firm touch of his powerful fingers its highest notes would unfold and grow bell-like in clearness, yet velvety with ineffable sweetness that could fade away into scarcely more than the faint breath of a zephyr.

When playing, as on all other occasions, Remenyi was absolutely without self-consciousness. In public he was generous with his encores and gracious in his appreciation and acknowledgments. He was not a tall man, but he maintained a certain dignity all his own. His highly strung temperament, however, showed itself in the quickness of his movements and in the rapid flash of that kindly smile which often curiously lit up his face. At times I have seen him hold thousands spellbound. The same marvellous power was realized in those early days when Remenyi stirred the patriots of Hungary, his music his medium and his burning convictions his inspiration. In middle life his genius brought him close to many of the most celebrated figures of his period; in later years it held his place warm in the hearts of the people, albeit at times his own head was bowed by the weight of responsibilities and cares. But these never wholly obscured the snushine of his nature.

Remenyi's wit and sense of humor never failed

him. He was easily amused and pleased, and his appreciation was freely expressed. While impatient of *poseurs* and bores, he was always keen to divine and to point out the good in others and ever ready with encouragement. He loved a good story, and he often made himself the butt of his own, by ridiculing his own peculiarities. At the same time he had a craze for beauty in whatever form he found it. He reverenced Nature, and had long been a student of her secrets. He admired and gloried in whatever was fine in men and women, and was singularly tender with children. His cult of the beautiful was surpassed only by his pride and enthusiasm for art in its broadest sense. His motto might well have been: " Outward, not inward; forward, not backward "; yet often his mood, ever changing, was one of meditation and introspection.

Remenyi was his own most rigid taskmaster. He abhorred the phlegmatic and was impatient of laziness. Many a time in afternoon or evening, he would exultingly count the length of the hours of his solitary practising, striking his arm with pride, pointing to its muscle and saying, " It is of iron, and my fingers—! " Then, descending from his work, he would take up the interests and conversation of his family or friends, bandying jokes, telling stories, and making himself the life of the party.

His attitude toward his wife was one of striking tenderness, and often demonstrative (for during her

later life she was an invalid), and his pride in her unusual attainments was as apparent as was his concern in his children's affairs. Madame Remenyi was a lady of noble family, whose abilities were beyond the ordinary, and in her nature there was a marked serenity, absorbed though she was in her husband, whose counsellor and most appreciative friend she ever was. In talking with Madame Remenyi no one could well mistake the nobility of her thought. "She has the patience of a saint," Remenyi would often say, hovering near her and distressed when he found her not so well as usual. His professional tours of necessity took him much away from her, but he wrote so easily and so often that she could follow him in this way, and his returns home were joyous events. No matter what the circumstances were, Remenyi always burst in, embracing each member of his family in his exuberant overflow of spirits, and imparting his spontaneous bonhomie and sunshine to one and all. His interest in his two children was deep, especially in the vocal ability of his daughter Adrienne and the studies pursued by his son Tibor. While he enjoyed the society of friends and acquaintances, Remenyi was also fond of his home, and in it were many rare relics of his long travels, such as souvenirs, vases, etc., given him at the Chinese court, and elsewhere. Wherever Remenyi went he was the central figure; whether amid the Bohemianism of a Hungarian restaurant, where he would take out his

EDOUARD REMENYI

(From a portrait taken in 1882)

violin and play his native airs, or amid the pomp and festivity of a state dinner at the palace. He was at his ease, whatever his surroundings, at home or abroad.

With such remarkable powers of observation and memory his wide travels had greatly enhanced his love of people, making of him a fascinating conversationalist, one whose brain never seemed to weary or whose fund of knowledge to be diminished; yet concentration was one of his chief endowments. He could become oblivious of those about him while writing a letter, or lose himself in his music.

GWENDOLYN DUNLEVY KELLEY.

III

LIFE SKETCH OF REMENYI

I FIRST saw my husband in 1848. I was then but a little girl twelve years of age. He came into my father's house at Miskolcz with a big slouch hat on his head and followed by a throng of young men. My sister and I were not allowed then to see or speak to him, being little girls, but I managed to get glimpses of him. He stayed forty-five days at the house. I did not see him again until 1860, when he came back from his exile after the amnesty. He then made a triumphal tour of Hungary. To my knowledge he gave at that time one hundred thousand florins (forty thousand dollars) of his earnings toward defraying some of the expenses of the statue of Petofi in Budapest and donations to the Conservatory of Music.

After that I saw him from time to time until December, 1871, when I became engaged to him, and we were married February 10, 1872.

Only those who knew Remenyi well understood his true character, so beautiful, so poetic, so naive. I consider that the violin was but the medium of expression for his overflowing artistic sensations,

albeit he was such a master of technique. My husband was in no way conceited, nor jealous. He was childlike at heart, and it was because of this that he was so great. I have never known a nature imbued to such a degree with the beautiful in all its manifestations. His was one of those very rare natures wherein the finer qualities completely overshadow small weaknesses. What a profoundly artistic nature was Remenyi's! What power he had to perceive the beautiful in all its forms! It seemed given to him to see much more of the beautiful than to us ordinary mortals. These attributes were not first developed in his years of maturity. He exhibited them in a very high degree when a child of seven years. His parents owned a bust of Napoleon, the plaster of which, gaudy with gilding, shocked the eyes of the little boy, who in his dreams seems to have acquired by intuition that quick discernment of beauty possessed by the Greeks. In brief, he could not endure the sight of this abortion. So, being too little to reach it, he climbed upon a ladder and, armed with a long stick, smashed the unlucky bust to pieces. At Eger, the seat of an archbishop, where he spent the years of his early youth, there is a pompous cathedral, built at the beginning of the last century, which is frightful in style and reminds one of those frosted cakes seen now and then in the show-window of some *pâtissier* in one of the streets of old Paris. Opposite, there stands a magnificent

lyceum, a building of the time of Marie Thérèse, which, however, no one ever seemed to notice, because of its old gray masonry and its air *avoué*. Here the little Remenyi used to stand by the hour, contemplating in ecstasy this structure which to him seemed very, very beautiful.

The æsthetic sense was, very happily for him, extraordinarily developed by the great man whom he had the extreme luck to meet as soon as he had left the Conservatory. Acquaintance with this man's noble patriotic aspirations, philanthropic spirit, and literary genius left an ineffaceable imprint upon the soul of the young musician, causing him to cherish things of intangible beauty. Later, when he came to know the great poets and writers and artists intimately this adoration of the beautiful was intensified, until at last it became the dominant passion of his life. What a joy it was for him to read wonderful pages, and to see the creations which the great painters and sculptors have given us! What ecstasy to hear fine music, and what satisfaction to meet those who by their execution were worthy to be called artists and musicians!

Some have said that Remenyi was jealous at times and unwilling to recognize the worth of his brother musicians. *Mon Dieu*, what an error! No one was ever happier than he when occasionally good fortune offered him the enjoyment (*regal*) of hearing a perfect musician who at the same time had command

of technique. "*Transcendant* technique," he called it when the individuality of the performer was visible but the difficulties had become invisible, when the severest passages were performed with as much ease as if to render them were the most natural thing in the world. He was exacting, and one might well be so who had made so much music with Liszt, Bülow, and others. He required much, but when he heard something fine or beautiful, then his enthusiasm had no limits. I recall his coming home one evening in ecstasy after hearing an unknown individual play the violin admirably, and he could not be reconciled to the knowledge that that person was only a member of a small orchestra. Remenyi never had patience with a reputation manufactured by advertisement, but all that was good and characteristic delighted him. After having heard César Thompson he wept for joy at having heard the violin played with such mastery. As he was more than sixty years old at that time, the structure of his hands would not allow him to work out this line of his technique to correspond with his other abilities. However, after two years of study he surprised us by playing to us a composition, "Chant de l'Orage" (Song of the Storm), which was embellished throughout with pyrotechnics. In June, 1890, when Remenyi was in London, after twelve years passed far from Europe, he went to a concert given by Sarasate. He was in such transports of pleasure over his beautiful and silvery

playing, that he hurried to a florist and bought a basket of the most lovely flowers, which he sent immediately to the Spanish *maestro*. A Parisian artist, M. Von Waffelghern, told me that Sarasate was extremely touched by this offering on the part of a *confrère*, and candidly acknowledged that he never had had a similar tribute rendered him. And so it was that everything beautiful, great, or lofty, whether it were poetry, prose, painting, sculpture, science, patriotism, humanity, or philanthropy, woke a vibrating echo in his soul, which seemed to have been created for noble and beautiful sensations. How great, too, was his patriotism! Despite his long absence from his native land, he always swore by it with the same love, and ever expressed the most ardent wishes for its prosperity. America, however, had become nearly as dear to him, so great was his admiration for its marvellous growth in the sciences and for its natural resources.

My husband took up the violin at the age of seven years, at Eger. At nine, Archbishop Pyrker, a well-known writer of poems and dramas on religious subjects, sent him to the Conservatory at Vienna. The professor at Eger said that he would never learn to play the violin. Happily, however, he completely succeeded, for within three months he won the first prize at the Conservatory. His teacher was the famous Böhm, the instructor of Joachim, Laube, and others. After leaving the Conservatory he went to

Paris, but had no teacher. He attended all the concerts, visited the museums, read fine literature, and, in short, secured a thorough artistic education.

Remenyi abandoned all this, however, during 1848, and enrolled himself as *honved*. General Klapka has told me how Remenyi's mother confided him to his charge, and of the bravery of my husband. Sometime after the surrender at Vilàgos he went into Germany, and it was there that he became acquainted with Liszt, who appreciated him highly and took him into his home, where he remained eighteen months. It was there that my husband learned the most, as it was an atmosphere where all that was great and beautiful was admired.

Remenyi knew all the famous men of his time. In Hungary all our prominent statesmen loved him greatly. Our famous Lzechenip was one of his patrons. In France also he knew the great authors of his time, being especially intimate with Theophile Gautier, Les Goncourts, Flaubert, George Sand, and Victor Hugo, with whom he stayed from six to nine months. I wish to mention an incident which illustrates the correct musical sense of Victor Hugo, and shows that he discriminated well in what he heard without being an avowed musician. He used to say to my husband that he could not sympathize in the least with Mendelssohn's music; that he did not like it at all, but that he adored Schumann, Schubert, and Chopin. My husband, however, believed that

this was mere talk and that the master really knew nothing about it. So to put it to the test, he said to him: "See here, master, I am going to play you something from Schumann which you have never heard," and he played him an almost unknown selection from Mendelssohn. Victor Hugo listened to it, then rubbing his Olympian head, said: "*Voila que Schumann baisse!* This composition is by no means up to the level of the other things of his with which I am acquainted." He evidently felt, even if he could not understand and analyze, that this music was not in Schumann's vein.

In thinking of the literary style of my husband I never could quite account for his prolific use of superlatives, but now the explanation has come to me. Where emotions were concerned he was like a sixteen-year-old boy, who gives vent to all his impressions without repressing them. At sixty-eight my husband was equally young and equally moved by the sacred fire of enthusiasm. Poor man!

Exiled and unable to enter Hungary, Remenyi went to London and there, without being known, in a competition of two hundred and eighty players, he obtained the position of first violinist to the Queen. In 1860 he received amnesty, and in January he returned to Hungary. He was welcomed back with such an ovation as is rarely seen. He made many journeys through Germany, Holland, and Russia prior to our marriage, and afterwards was in Egypt,

Germany, Russia, France, and England, and finally undertook his trip around the world.

The places which he best loved, climatically and for their beauty, were Java, California, and Naples. I am, therefore, so glad that during his last days he should have been among his dearly loved palms.

MADAME REMENYI.*

** Madame Remenyi's maiden name was Gisella de Fay de Faj. Her father, Anton de Fay de Faj, was a musician of some talent, of whom Liszt once said, "If old M. de Faj would only learn the rules of composition, Wagner and I would as well keep perfectly silent."*

IV

REMINISCENCES OF REMENYI

FOR many years Remenyi was my guest when he visited San Francisco. It is needless for me to say that I was always rewarded by the association. He was a genial, whole-souled gentleman. Having travelled all over the world, he was full of good stories, and with his rare fund of humor, aside from the individuality which stamped his narratives, he always held sway when imparting his experiences. He looked on the bright side of things, and usually saw them from a humorous standpoint. He was as youthful as a boy. He loved a joke as well as a pun, in fact, punning was quite a habit with him. He spoke many languages but could pun only in English, which he deplored as a great loss to his foreign friends. He was happy in relating a pun he had indulged in regarding his friend, the late Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll.

"When you depart from this earth, Colonel," said Remenyi, "you will want to be the same in the other world that you are here."

"Oh, I don't know," said Ingersoll. "Why do you think so?''

" Because here you are a nice man, and when you strike a warmer region you will still want to be an *ice* man."

Remenyi was very fond of President McKinley, with whom he was on social terms, and whom he visited at the White House when in Washington. Upon one such occasion the President remarked that they were in the Cabinet Room. Remenyi looked around and said:

" You know, Mr. President, your Cabinet is incomplete and will always remain so until you add a fiddler to your body."

" Well," said the President, smilingly, " why this addition? "

" Because, first, I could always produce harmony when you became inharmonious. If you found the country financially depressed, I could make notes to relieve you. I could always come to the scratch. In fact, I could work the time to suit, and pull the strings any way it became necessary."

The President laughed, slapped Remenyi on the back, and said: " You will be quite an acquisition; when Congress meets again, we will have the addition authorized, and you will be recommended for the place."

Remenyi often laughed at some of his critics who accused him of indulging in tricks on the violin. He said: " Quite the reverse is the fact; the violin does tricks on me. But I presume my critics know little

of the violin and much of tricks; and many a poor scribe is sent to act as critic about art and music, concerning which he has only a surface knowledge."

Remenyi in his time had been a collector of rare oil-paintings; he was a judge of good work, and his opinion on a painting was valuable. Upon one occasion I accompanied him to see some pictures done by an artist who, by reason of his intemperance, had lost his position in the art world. He had about a dozen, which he placed with an art-dealer, and, wanting money at once, left word with him to sell them at any price. They were landscapes and scenes in California, and the moment Remenyi saw them he proclaimed them the work of a good artist. He requested me to inquire the price. I was told we could have our choice at fifteen dollars each. Remenyi said that he must have made a mistake, and directed me to inquire again. The price was confirmed. He said: "We take them all." The dealer requested to know where he should send them. Remenyi was very nervous and answered that he need not send them; that he would take them away himself. He turned to me and said: "I am going to impose a hardship on you, but this is a test of your affection for me. We must carry these pictures away ourselves." I said, "Why?" He answered: "I think in the first place the man will change his mind on account of the price; and, second, I could not in justice to my feelings take a chance and

leave them behind me." So we started through the streets with them, he almost on a run. Many persons recognized us and turned and looked after us.

The distance to the hotel, of course, was not far, but when we arrived at our apartments he placed the paintings about the room and danced around in admiration over the bargain he had made. While in the midst of his glee, a knock on the door caused him to lose color; he was pale as a ghost. He put his finger on his mouth is if to direct silence. When the knock became stronger he remarked: "I knew it; they have discovered they have made a mistake and come for them; but we have paid for them and have the receipt. A bargain is a bargain." Then again the knock was repeated. He nervously opened the door, and in front of him stood a bell-boy with a card from his piano accompanist. Remenyi was much relieved, handed the boy a tip, and said, "Tell him to come up."

In speaking of famous violinists and those who attempt the mastery of the violin, Remenyi said: "To speak of a person as a master of the violin is to assert that which has never yet been achieved. Hundreds of thousands fiddle, thousands play at the violin, and thousands play on the violin, a few thousand perform well, and a few hundred play very well. The great artists who achieve fame and are world-renowned number less than fifty, while those who are credited with being great virtuosos, you can count

on one hand; and, as to its master, he has never been born. So you begin with millions and come down to nothing, leaving the violin unconquered."

Remenyi was a genial, whole-souled being. He was always kindness itself, but while he was extremely sociable, he gave his intimate confidence to few. He remarked one day laughingly: "I will tell you in strictest confidence that while my admirers and the world at large credit me with being a great performer on the violin, I am but a novice. I realize this the more I practise and the older I grow. If I do not practise to-day, to-morrow I know it; if I do not practise to-morrow, any good artist can observe it; and if I do not practise on the following day, then the whole world knows it, that is, if I attempt to play. I am a slave to my art, and this small combination of wood and strings is my master. But I am happy only when endeavoring to understand it, and my joy is increased when I know that I have pleased a great artist."

It happened that he and Isaye were sojourning in San Francisco at the same time. Isaye was very fond of Remenyi and very enthusiastic over certain pieces that he played; and while enjoying a social afternoon together in my rooms at the Baldwin Hotel, Isaye induced him to play a Hungarian rhapsody and a Russian czardas. Remenyi played with tremendous intensity; he was on his mettle, and anxious to impress Isaye with a heroic interpretation of the piece

he performed. It was interesting to watch the player and the listener. As Remenyi proceeded, Isaye became excited, and the more Remenyi played the more Isaye abandoned himself to his feelings. He played for fifteen minutes. The whole air was charged with his fantastic music. Isaye was greatly excited, and when the little old man laid down his violin he took him in his embrace and kissed him on each cheek, shouting, "Charmant! Magnifique! Bravo! Bravo!" It was a rare sight—Isaye, the world-accepted virtuoso of his time, lovingly and affectionately embracing his friend and proclaiming that no man alive could play that class of music like him. Tears trickled down Remenyi's cheek; he was as happy as a king; he said criticism from such a source was worth all his life's labor.

Remenyi, surprised at the lack of interest shown by the American government in national music, said: "As Americans, we are very poor in sentiment. What are we doing to progress and master the higher arts? Nothing. It's all money, money. We are money-mad. We rush into Wall Street rich, and then we rush out poor. If you stopped one of these genuine Americans and asked him to listen to the absolute necessity for a national conservatory of music, he would push you aside as though you were foolish. The day will come when American love of art in all its forms will be demonstrated, and our government will wake up from its Rip Van Winkleism

and promote the interests of a music-loving people. The great men at the head of this government should understand that one of the surest ways of instilling patriotism in the rising generation is to symbolize the country's history by and through the hand of the artist and the painter and the sculptor, or by its music that bespeaks the sentiment and the grandeur of millions of people, and their life in peace and war. Why should we be compelled to look upon scenes of foreign lands as portrayed by the foreign artist? Why not American scenes by American artists? My friends say, 'Ah, it is a fad to purchase European art.' Let national pride, then, overcome the fad. You Americans have the grandest land in all the world; but you don't do it or yourselves justice. Never mind what is said about the great masters all residing in Europe. Pay them something — for in Europe they get little, and I am sure they will come. The thing is to have the government establish and maintain national conservatories of music and art. Have an authorized conservatory the same as they have in Europe, and you will attract Europe's best masters and teachers. They would be happy to come; only give them the opportunity. Once this country takes hold, in the right way, America will become the greatest musical centre of the world. As things are now, you can't blame parents for sending their children abroad for music; and yet it grieves

me to see this done. I know the environment awaiting the Americans."

Remenyi once attended the synagogue to hear the playing of " Kol-Nedra," on the eve of the Day of Atonement. It was a violin solo with orchestral and pipe-organ accompaniment. During the performance he turned his eyes upward and tears streamed down his cheeks. I afterwards remarked to him that he seemed affected.

He said: " Oh, yes. No man can run away from his blood or his true creed. The cruel suffering of the Jews is piteously told in their music, and I am carried back to my mother's knees when I hear it."

I said: " You talk as though you were a Jew; are you?"

He answered: " The man who would deny himself is a coward. My practices and professions have been such as to please a good wife, yes, and to aid the ambitions of my youth. I was once the Queen of England's violin soloist. I have stood in many high places and before great men. I yielded much to wear around my neck a rosary that gave credence when doubt was aroused. I did this because I was raised in a land where I witnessed a prejudice that was almost incredible, and I knew it would make life's battle harder. I once asked an old bishop why the Jews were disliked, and the bishop said: ' Because unless we keep them at a certain disadvantage

they would proselyte us to their religion. The Jew's *one God* doctrine is very simple; he has kept himself strong and unconquered by remaining steadfast in his belief. You see he takes the position that he is correct even if he concedes that Christ was the Messiah, for if Christ is after all God, the Jew worships Him, or whoever may be God; so he is sure of his position that he worships God, while if we are mistaken in our belief regarding the Trinity, our mistake is grievous. The Jew has his faults, but he has also his virtues; and while we persist in trying to impute evil to all he does, yet time overcomes all our acts against him. Can it be the force of truth that always finds its way to the surface? It must be this, for I find that nothing, not even of the material advantages that life offers, shakes the Jew from his faith.' "

The visit to the synagogue with Remenyi and all that occurred impressed me deeply, and when he died, I knew then he was a Jew.

HENRY J. KOWALSKY.

V

ACQUAINTANCE AND FRIENDSHIP WITH REMENYI

WHEN it was advertised in the Autumn of 1882 that the renowned violinist, Edouard Remenyi, was to give a concert in Columbus, Ohio, all music-lovers anticipated a treat, but only those of us who had heard him before knew how great a one. There was a surprise for his audience, that of hearing what wondrous tones the master could draw from a brand-new violin, made in Columbus by a man named Hesketh; for me there was the beginning of a personal acquaintance which endured until the maestro's death.

A young friend who had made one of our party in Europe a few years before had become a journalist, and in that capacity it was his privilege to interview Remenyi, who was more than pleased to meet a traveller and a polyglot so unexpectedly. The young man was also surprised to find in Remenyi an interesting, witty, and well-informed man as well as a brilliant virtuoso. He asked permission to bring him to call upon me.

Descending to the drawing-room, I found Remenyi

seated at the piano, his soft felt hat beside him on the floor. He was running his fingers over the keys, looking up at a picture on the wall, but he rose at once, acknowledging his introduction in his gallant but jerky manner; then, turning with a glance which circled the room, he said: "Ah, madame! I enter your house; I tread upon this noble rug; I gaze upon my love, the 'Milo' there (referring to a Barbedienne bronze), and we are friends. When I saw her for the first time, when I first went to Paris, I bowed in adoration, and it is the shrine I have ever since visited first, until my love for her has become a veritable craze, *craze, craze.*" Then, glancing at the pictures on the walls, he said: "You see, madame, I have never met you before; but I enter through the Ionic columns of the peristyle of this Greek temple, your home; I see your pictures; I gaze upon my love; I stand upon this noble rug; and so I know your tastes and mine are the same; and people should be friends who love the same beautiful things." It was, as often after, almost a monologue.

It happened that upon the same evening as the concert, Professor David Swing of Chicago was to give his lecture upon "The Novel." It was delivered in the High Street Congregational Church, of which the pastor was the Rev. Frank Gunsaulus. Professor Swing was to be our guest, and my husband, who had gone to meet him, arrived with the Professor before Remenyi had ended his visit. I wish I could recall

the conversation in detail with its many bright flashes, but can only remember its general quality. After one rather serious reflection of Remenyi's, a quick turn from gay to grave, Professor Swing remarked: "You are a philosopher, Mr. Remenyi."

"Oh, yes, in a way. A fiddling philosopher or philosophical fiddler, as you like."

Remenyi told me that he had promised to play at the Asylum for the Blind the following morning, and would take the liberty of asking me to come and bring "the little one"—the compiler of these memoirs—and any special friends who would really enjoy it, "for," he said, "I shall play from my heart—and touch theirs." I took two friends and "the little one," and was more impressed than ever before by the quality and sympathy of Remenyi's playing and his selections. There was, of course, no programme, but some of the pieces were so tender and pathetic as to make one's heart-strings vibrate as if the violinist were playing upon them. Then when he had moved his sensitive hearers to sympathy, he played a "caprice" and next the riotous "Carnival of Venice," with brilliant and intricate improvised variations, as he was in the habit of doing with this theme, in which he let his merriment and fancy have free range, until he aroused a corresponding and responsive enthusiasm. All this time he watched the faces before him with their sightless eyes, as they reflected in their expressions and by unconscious

movements the emotions he produced in their responsive breasts. Then one or two of the most proficient of the blind musicians played for him, and we moved to go. The matron urged him so strongly to stay for luncheon that to my surprise he finally said: "I regret that I cannot, but I am engaged to lunch with Mrs. Kelley, am I not?"

I, of course, said, "Yes," and he was excused. He explained that he could not stand the strain, and felt that I would understand. In the course of our repast he looked over the table inquiringly and asked, "Have you any more of that sweetmeat I had yesterday? It was *awful* good." I ordered some sweet pickle of watermelon. It was brought in a glass pickle-dish, which he appropriated and put beside his plate, exclaiming, "Good! Thank you!" giving little smacks and blinking his eyes as he first tasted it.

During this visit he spoke of much that was interesting—the golden age of Hungary under Mathias Corvinus, the heroism of the leaders, the persecutions of the people, and their still unconquered pride. He was fluent to eloquence and full of the fire of patriotism.

He left Columbus that afternoon, but his informal visits and his conversation, so full of the taste of the connoisseur in art, of the genius of the musician, and the enthusiasm of the patriot, left a lasting impression. Later he sent me a photograph, inscribed, and

one or two little letters; but his travels carried him far. I was out of the country when he was in it, and it was many years before we met again. It was so long, indeed, that the little incidents which marked his visit in my mind might have been crowded from his memory, in his varying and exciting experiences in remote lands.

In the Spring of 1897 he again visited Columbus, and gave a concert there and in several of the more important neighboring towns. At the close of the concert my husband made an appointment for him to call at our house the next day. When I met him he exclaimed, "Still living in the Greek temple! It is long since I entered from its Ionic porch." It sometimes happens where tastes are congenial that a long separation serves to bring persons nearer instead of making a gap between, and the friendship which might seem arrested by it proves to have been developed mysteriously and is taken up at a point far in advance of the one where it was interrupted. So it was in this case. There had been only an acquaintance, and that very brief; but Remenyi returned after all the years really a friend, with much to tell of his travels — of disaster by sea and musical conquests by land; of fifty-nine concerts given at intervals at Cape Town and of its beauties and musical taste; of the typhoon off Madagascar; of his curios and his pictures.

"The little one" was become a young woman

whose education, much of it in Europe, had given her familiarity with several tongues, so that our conversation, like his letters, was a *pot pourri* of French, German, and Italian. Her studio and her art-work interested him greatly, especially her portrait miniature of the beautiful Queen Margherita of Italy. Remenyi's expressions of approval and criticism were frank and interesting. During his stay in Columbus, and between his concerts in the neighboring towns, he made our home his chief stopping-place and contributed greatly to our pleasure from the storehouse of his knowledge.

The son of the house was at that time about twelve years of age, and Remenyi amused himself coining names to express his admiration of the child. "Adonis Appolonia" was Remenyi's favorite name, and he likened the little boy's head to that of the young Augustus. "O you medallion-faced little rascal!" he exclaimed one day, "I am sorry for you, for people will expect you to keep up to your beauty; whereas from an old pumpkin-head like me they expect nothing, and when they find my brilliant intelligence, they are surprised!"

The boy's keen enjoyment of his humor greatly attracted Remenyi, who, when near him, would clap him on the back or hug him around the shoulders or wrestle playfully with him. Remenyi's brilliancy and his frequent flashes of wit as well as his originality filled his conversation with surprises, which make it

extremely difficult to recall it in detail. Everything was suggestive to him of some past experience or wise and philosophical reflection. He showed us the old small photograph of himself and Brahms taken together when both were young men in Hamburg, in 1853, which is reproduced in this volume. He told of his friendship with Victor Hugo during some years when they occupied apartments under the same roof in Paris. Speaking one day of the lack of talent in the children of great men, he was reminded, he said, of an experience of the great author when asked about his son, and if he had inherited any of his literary tastes or had talent in any other of the arts.

"*Mon fils*," exclaimed Hugo, "*une fée a assisté à sa naissance et lui a prodigué tous les dons, sauf le don de s'en servir.*"

He told us of his intense love of the palm and his great desire, as a child, to see that tree, for he knew it only from pictures; and how, when he had saved a little money, he always bought books; of his rapture, on his first visit to the Riviera, where he saw the living, growing, tall and stately palm trees. He gave us the photograph of himself with the palm branch above him and showed us a leaf, cut long before, which he always kept in the case of his beloved Stradivarius. He told us of the assertion of someone that no person could compose a true and really good "Habanera," and how, afterwards, as he sat in a grove of palms, the wind among their branches produced an irregular

riotous clashing, a sort of syncopated movement, which inspired him to compose a Habanera. He called it "The Palms," and it was still in manuscript. He talked much of his beloved Hungary, and told us of a movement to erect a statue of King Mathias Corvinus, to be dedicated in about two years, in his birthplace, Kalozsvar, in Transylvania; he said that he should go there to conduct his grand national hymn on that occasion. This hymn for five hundred voices and full orchestra was to be produced then and there for the first time.

One morning he asked if I would let him send for his accompanist and his soprano to rehearse at our house some parts of the programme to be given in a neighboring town that night. Of course I was delighted, and when he told me to ask a few musical friends, I felt we should have a treat. About fifteen appreciative ones came in response to my invitation. After the various concert selections had been played and sung to the great enjoyment of all, Remenyi, who was in high spirits, said, " Now I shall play for you my Habanera." The music of the manuscript was difficult to read at sight, and had of course never been studied, but a friend took the place of the professional accompanist, and her fine instinct and tact, supplementing her knowledge, gave sympathetic support to the wonderful playing of Remenyi. What verve! What swinging rhythm! What abandon in the riotous, catchy phrases! One could hear in the close

harmonies the clashing of the palm branches, like the swish and swirl of dancers' skirts. Remenyi, too, moved about his end of the room, swaying often in sympathy with the theme. His own enthusiasm and joyousness were so contagious that it seemed as if one could almost see in fancy a whole assembly of gayly dressed peasants whirling and swinging to the fascinating and capricious music. He then produced the manuscript of his " National Hungarian Hymn " and requested of his pretty and sweet-voiced soprano to sing the air at sight. The piano part taxed all the efforts of the reader to the utmost, and of course Remenyi's violin took the lead. A greater change from the brilliancy of the Habanera can scarcely be imagined. With calm dignity the hymn opened, then the theme became more elevated, and the symphonic harmonies more complex. Remenyi himself moved slowly back and forth, sometimes with closed eyes, sometimes tapping the pianist with his bow for sharper accents. Onward and upward swelled the musical tide. His hearers sat spellbound and almost breathless, as the soul of the patriot seemed to be seeking expression for its hope of freedom and glory through the genius of the musician, until, soaring ever onward, the music reached a magnificent climax which one felt was his dream of the apotheosis of his beloved Hungary. We who listened can never forget, for it is rarely given to follow in sympathy such elevation of soul and sentiment. After

this no more music was possible, and as the spell was broken the company fell into little groups, many eager for an opportunity to talk with the man of such magic power. Several questions were asked as to gypsy music, but Remenyi asserted from his knowledge of the gypsies and their life that there exists no separate gypsy music as such.

At that time he was very proud of the iron muscle of his arm, and maintained that his diet of unleavened bread, rolled thin and baked hard, with apples and milk, was " fit for a king " and the best thing possible to give vigor and force. Illness had necessitated this diet, but he was, at that time, full of health and life and in high spirits, effervescing in gayety, revelling in extravaganza, and using and inventing slang which was irresistibly funny.

He told an incident of one of his first trips West, when he asked in Chicago how to reach a certain town in Illinois. The clerk said, " By the C., B. & Q." Remenyi was entirely at a loss to know what he meant, but replied, " Then I will go D. A. T."

It was the clerk's turn to be puzzled, and he asked, " What does that mean? "

" Well," questioned Remenyi, " what did you mean? "

" Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, of course."

" Ah! I meant *day after to-morrow*."

That year (1897) he was making a long concert tour of small towns through the country, and some

of his letters, or extracts from them, written on the wing and dropped from various halting-places, are given in this volume. They were dashed off at odd moments, and are full of the effervescing enthusiasm of his disposition. His rollicking abandon of words and phrases in various languages, many of his own unique coining, contrasts with, and often cloaks, his keen and deep appreciation of the characteristics of nature, men, and things with which he came in contact. His habit of repeating the letters of a word to give the American emphasis, and his use of extravagant numbers to express quantity, were most original and amusing.

Much of the following Winter (1898) was spent in New York by my daughter and myself. Over that period in our acquaintance with Remenyi there hangs the shadow of his terrible depression and anxiety about financial affairs, and a corresponding lowering of physical force. He would not admit the last, and loved to tell how he could outwalk many younger men of his acquaintance. He was a frequent visitor, sometimes coming late in the evening, often on Sunday, and occasionally bringing his violin and playing as he loved to play. The contract which he made that season was a great trial and humiliation, but it was forced upon him as the most continuous and remunerative engagement he could make. It seemed to appal him because, by the terms of it, he "would be obliged to play for a long, long time." It was

during this tour that he went West on the trip which ended so tragically in San Francisco. It was sad indeed to know that he did it with so heavy a heart, feeling that his genius was harnessed to the car of Mammon and could never soar free again in a pure artistic atmosphere.

I can never forget one flight of his highest musical feeling. I wished to procure a violin for my son, and Remenyi selected two for me to choose between. The store was up one flight of stairs, and I heard strains of the violin as I mounted. On entering I found Remenyi seated at the side of the room near a case of violins, among which were one or two of his own placed on sale. He had taken one down and was literally caressing it. He begged me to sit down and re-seated himself. He did not have much to say, seemed *distrait*, but drew soft whisperings of music from the violin, which he still held.

At length he said, "Now I will play for you, *really*," and he did. With partly closed eyes he played through the intricacies of a Bach fugue, with ever-increasing brilliancy and intensity. The only two others in the large square room were standing near, quite motionless. There was almost a gasp when Remenyi closed that most complex and wonderful composition. He seemed to come back to earth, and after some feeble effort at expression on my part, he exclaimed, "That is m-u-u-sic! Oh, yes, I can play." A man who was present and who was, I

learned afterwards, the concert-meister of Theodore Thomas's orchestra, echoed, "He *can* play!"

I little knew as I left New York a few days afterwards that it was the last time I ever should see or hear Edouard Remenyi.

MARY DUNLEVY KELLEY.

VI

SIDELIGHTS ON REMENYI AS A MAN

VOLUMES might be written on the dear old man it was my privilege to call friend, but it is my purpose only to relate a few instances which came under my observation during the period of our acquaintance that reveal some of the more intimate characteristics of the man, unknown in his professional life.

Remenyi was far above the petty jealousies so often indulged in by artists, and was ever ready to recognize and acknowledge merit in others. I recall a striking illustration of this in the *début* of César Thompson, at Carnegie Hall, in 1894. I attended the first performance with Remenyi and his son, and probably the most enthusiastic of the audience was Remenyi himself. How he raved over that marvellous technician's mastery of apparent impossibilities! After the concert he was not satisfied until he had ordered a floral tribute to be sent at once to him with his congratulations. I accompanied him home that evening; he made his way immediately to his room and, taking a violin, began practising with all his tireless energy. He explained to us later that he had

been attempting to play a portion of the afternoon's programme, but that he could hardly hope to duplicate César's performance, the smallness of his hands interfering seriously with some of its technical difficulties; he said he would try, however. Some weeks later he called several of us into his room and with joyous simplicity played for us the very things he had only a short while before considered beyond him.

Remenyi always held that constant work and study were absolutely necessary, irrespective of natural gifts, and he rigidly carried out that theory throughout his life. Nor was his appreciation of ability confined to artists of world-wide reputation, like Thompson. No one was easier of access than Remenyi, and during the years I had the privilege of knowing him he was approached by many aspiring violinists. To none did he ever refuse a hearing, and wherever he saw signs of promise his advice and patronage were generously given.

On one occasion he was invited to attend some special celebration at the church of St. Francis Xavier in New York City. He promised to play twice during mass, but was so impressed with the performance of the organist, Dethier, then a young man of twenty years, that he requested Dethier to play in his stead for the second number.

The following incident in connection with Remenyi brings to light his love of humor and his solicitude for his fellow-man. I had dined with his family on

Christmas day of 1896, and, as he was leaving for Bridgeport that afternoon, I gladly volunteered to accompany him to the station. While waiting for the gates to open (for the train was not yet ready), our attention was drawn to three laborers conversing loudly in Hungarian. Remenyi at once became engrossed with the subject of their conversation, and in a few moments, excusing himself, he went to the ticket-office and returned with a ticket, which he presented to one of his three countrymen. At first they were greatly puzzled, then suddenly they grasped his hands, and with joy and laughter, began making speeches, unintelligible to me. After Remenyi had left them he explained that the three men were going to Bridgeport, having secured positions there. He had heard one of them sadly remark that he would be unable to accompany the others, not having the wherewithal to buy his ticket, unless the good Lord performed some miracle before the train left. Remenyi, struck with the pathetic side of the affair and the simple faith of the man, immediately performed the hoped-for miracle.

If to the world Remenyi was a great artist, to those whose good fortune it was to know him intimately he was also a great man, not wholly absorbed with his violin, but keenly alive to everything of interest to the mind; he was generously responsive to all the sensibilities of the heart, capable of discussing Beethoven, Angelo, and Shakespeare, or of

bestowing alms and offering a helping hand with equal grace — a man to whom none of the human emotions was a stranger, and who merely selected the violin as best fitted to give them all expression.

E. T. Cornelis.

VII

REMENYI'S HOME AND ITS TREASURES

SOME years ago I was visiting a friend in Hungary, and was roused one morning very early by a noise in the next room of doors slamming, windows opening and shutting, and furniture moving about. When silence reigned once more, and I was just falling asleep, there was a knock at my door, and a pretty, fair-haired boy, looking like a girl in disguise, walked in, saying: "I am Plotenyi Nardor, the ardent disciple of Remenyi Ede, who has this moment taken up his quarters in the next room."

"All right. Did you wake me up simply to tell me your name and your rank?"

"No, but to beg you will rise, dress, and go for a walk." The rascal said this with such a delightfully obstinate air that he quite won my heart.

"Go to walk, indeed!" I cried.

"Yes, master likes to practise very early in the morning and can't bear to have any one hear him."

"The devil take you and your master, Remenyi Ede!" I exclaimed. The young fellow turned fiery red and shook with rage and amazement.

"Oh sir, sir, would you have the devil take him, the great violinist, the successor to Bihary ?"

"Is your master a gypsy?"

"No, but he is the only violinist who has the true tradition of gypsy music."

"I like that music," said I, " so I'll get up and go down into the garden."

"Oh, no, sir! Pray go for a long walk. See!" and he opened the window, "every one has left the castle." There, indeed, was the master of the house leading off his friends. They had scarcely slept three hours. I joined them at once, and everybody began to tell me Remenyi's story.

At seventeen he was attached to the person of Görgey as a private violinist, during the Hungarian war, playing before and after a battle. He then shared the exile of Count Teleki Sardor and other heroes, spending some time at Guernsey, where he knew Victor Hugo. Thence he went to Hamburg, London, and America, where he played, going from triumph to triumph, his renown growing apace. Returning to Hungary, he travelled all over the country, astonishing high and low alike, and playing with the same poetry and fervor in barns and palaces.

I slipped away and returned to the garden. Remenyi was playing a Bach concerto. I uttered curses, not loud but deep. So it was to play a Bach concerto that this sham gypsy roused me at dawn!

He made his appearance at breakfast. He was a common-looking man of medium size. His expression conveyed disdain of the world, yet there was something jolly in his look, movement, and voice.

"Remenyi worked well this morning," he said, after breakfast.

He never spoke save to praise himself, and always talked of himself in the third person.

"Yes, on a Bach concerto," said I.

He drew himself up, exclaiming: "Remenyi plays other things," and calling Nardor, he asked for his violin. Twenty persons ran for it. He played a Hongroise. With the first note his vanity dropped from him like a cloak. He possessed every quality that genius can grant—imagination, delirious fancy, mild caprice, skill, clearness, precision, eloquence, color. He laid down his bow, smiling like a child. The music had worked a wondrous change in him. He was natural and ingenuous. Now and then he took up his violin and played one strain after another. Thus we heard the ball-room scene from Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet." It was like a magical spell. We were in Italy; the silvery moonbeams fell on the silent rows of cypress trees and marble statues; fountains plashed, then a fair palace appeared, all light and music; a crowd hurried by, masked and gaily dressed; the night wind wafted strains of dance music through the garden; then all this faded, and we heard Juliet's cry.

When I thanked the great artist and expressed my admiration of his wonderful execution, he replied: "If Remenyi is only satisfied with himself!" with an expressive gesture to complete his phrase.

He then played a duet with Nardor. Walking sternly toward the mantelpiece, he stopped the pendulum of a clock standing there, saying to his host: "Let this clock forever mark the hour when Remenyi played to you." Horerath Karoly, to whom he spoke, wept with emotion, and we all embraced Remenyi in turn. Next day some devil of obstinacy led him back to the Bach concerto.

On leaving, he invited me to accompany him to his home, Rakos-Palota, near Pesth. He stopped at every village, town, and castle on our way, and wherever he was known was received with open arms. If unknown, he had only to mention his name to be greeted with delight and enthusiasm.

At last we reached Rakos-Palota. Remenyi's house was a long, low building with nothing extraordinary about it. A dirty courtyard filled with poultry lay before it, and a few thin poplar trees grew about, which looked so much like admiration points that I suspected they were planted expressly. Inside, the house formed a long gallery, partitioned off and filled with every imaginable object of value and rarity — all presents. There were curious old jewels, antique rings, and gold chains, which would drive a modern jeweller mad. Carvings and every

variety of rare old china were strewn about, and here and there were weapons of every age, old coins, valuable manuscripts, tapestries, and paintings, but his special treasures were a pair of boots which had belonged to Liszt when a child, and his Hungarian sword.

"Un Cosaque."

VIII

REMENYI, LISZT, AND BRAHMS

AT one of the Philharmonic concerts in the Academy of Music when the society played the second symphony of Johannes Brahms, and Edouard Remenyi, the great violinist, performed for the first time in this country the Concerto Pathetique by Ernst, a gentleman observed to his companion: "It is a remarkable fact that but for Remenyi we should probably never have heard of Brahms or his great symphonies. There is a curious romance connected with the two artists." Attracted by the strange assertion, the writer requested further information. "I cannot give it," was the reply, "for I know only the general fact. Go and see Remenyi himself; he may be willing to tell you the story."

Acting on the suggestion, the writer called at the Westminster Hotel and, after repeated attempts, succeeded in finding the great virtuoso at home, or rather, as he put it, in his "musical den." . . . . . When the writer broached the subject of his visit and explained the incident that occasioned it, a cloud temporarily passed over the features of the artist and he remarked, "What you heard at

the Academy is true, but I am reluctant to give you any further details. It is a secret which I have carried for twenty-five years, and I see no necessity for making it public now."

"Then you knew Brahms intimately?"

"Quite so; yes," and a curious smile was apparent.

"Did you save his life, or anything of that kind?"

"Oh, no (the smile broadened), but we were very good friends in our boyhood, as you may infer from this picture," taking from an escritoire an old-fashioned daguerreotype, dated on the back "Hamburg, 1853," and representing two beardless youths, one Remenyi sitting, and the other Johannes Brahms standing, with his hand resting familiarly on the shoulder of his companion.

"Then you must have known Brahms before he met Robert Schumann?"

"Yes, I did."

"Yet, did not Schumann write in a musical journal in Leipsic in 1853 the startling announcement that in the person of Brahms he had discovered a new messiah in music?"

"That is true. I think that it was in the month of October, but never mind."

"There must, therefore, be some basis for the remark that I overheard at the Academy, and which has brought me here."

"Well," said Remenyi, impulsively, "I will tell

REMENYI, WITH BRAHMS, THE COMPOSER

(From a daguerreotype made in Hamburg in January, 1853; Remenyi sitting, Brahms standing)

you, although, as I said before, I am reluctant to reveal that which I have carefully withheld for a quarter of a century. Listen!" And with the picture in his hand, he commenced to pace nervously up and down the floor.

"I was in Hamburg toward the end of the year 1852, a kind of *enfant gâté*, a spoiled child of the *élite* of the city. There was scarcely a concert or *soirée* where my presence and assistance were not required. Probably much of this kindness and attention were due to the fact that I was then a Hungarian exile. During the concerts, it was, of course, necessary for me to employ the services of an accompanist. In January, 1853, a fashionable musical entertainment was announced at the house of one of the great merchant princes of Hamburg, a Mr. Helmrich. On the very day that the *soirée* was to take place I received a letter from my regular accompanist stating that he would be unable to be present that evening, owing to illness. I went across the street from my hotel, to the music establishment of Mr. Auguste Böhm, to ascertain where I could find a substitute. In answer to my inquiries, that gentleman remarked, in a nonchalant manner, that little Johannes would perhaps be satisfactory. I asked what sort of Johannes he was. He replied, 'He is a poor piano-teacher, whose name is Johannes Brahms. He is a worthy young man, a good musician, and very devoted to his family.' 'All right,'

I said; 'send him to the hotel in the afternoon, and I will see him.'

"About five o'clock of the same day, while practising in my room, somebody knocked at the door, and in came a youth with a very high soprano voice, but whose features, owing to the dusk of the evening, I could not well discern. I lighted a candle, and then saw standing before me a young man who appeared to be about sixteen or seventeen years of age. Both of us at that time were mere boys, and probably looked younger than we were in reality. He observed in a modest way, 'My name is Johannes Brahms. I have been sent here by Mr. Böhm to accompany you and shall be very happy if I can satisfy you as an assistant.' We began to rehearse at once, but he had scarcely touched the piano before I found that he was a far better musician than my previous accompanist, and I became interested at once in my new-made friend. I don't know why, but at that very instant a sort of aureole seemed to linger around his face, it lighted up so beautifully, and I distinctly remember soliloquizing to myself: 'There is a genius here. This is no ordinary pianist. Fate has laid her fingers on my friend.' I addressed to him question after question concerning his career, and learned its most important details, among other things that he made compositions of his own. We ceased rehearsing, and when he began to play one of his sonatas, violin *soirée* engagements and

everything were forgotten in the intense enthusiasm that was engendered by the occasion. I was electrified and sat in mute amazement. I could not help making the involuntary remark, 'My dear Brahms, you are a genius!' He smiled in a melancholy sort of way — in fact, his face at that time always wore a sad and thoughtful expression — and replied, ' Well, if I am a genius, I am certainly not much recognized in this good city of Hamburg.' 'But they will recognize you,' I said, ' and I shall henceforth tell everybody I meet that I have discovered in you a rare musical gem.' You may imagine the character of that interview when I tell you we did not separate until four o'clock in the morning.

"The people at Mr. Helmrich's were, of course, disappointed and very angry at my non-appearance, but I was a mere boy and cared little for consequences at that time. The result was that I lost many similar opportunities and became a sort of laughing-stock among the citizens of Hamburg. Some of them sneeringly said, 'As you don't want us, we don't want you. Since you have found a genius, go and help yourselves.' I took up the gauntlet.

"Not to be too long with you," Remenyi said, "I have only to say that all of my engagements ceased, but I clung to my Johannes through thick and thin, feeling that all I said about him must and would prove true. I had against me even

Marxsen, his teacher of counterpoint, a very dignified man, who told me plainly, 'Well, well, I am very sorry for your judgment. Johannes Brahms may have some talent, but he is certainly not the genius you stamp him.' My reply was uniformly the same. His own father, who was a musician, likewise failed to discover the peculiar qualities possessed by his gifted son, and I believe my judgment of him was recognized and appreciated only by his mother, who, with the instinctive nature of her sex, saw when it was pointed out to her that Johannes had before him the future of a great musician."

"What was the condition of his family at this time?"

"They were in humble circumstances. The father played contrabasso in small orchestras, but was not by any means a remarkable musician. Johannes lived with them and contributed to their support. He was born when his mother was at a comparatively advanced age — what I would call a late-born child. His mother, by the way, was older than his father."

"What were the mental characteristics of Brahms?"

"He was a great reader, especially of German poetry, and knew the best of it more or less by heart. To strangers he was monosyllabic in conversation, inclined to be moody and reticent, but when alone

with me he was joyous and communicative. In fact he had perfect reliance on my judgment that he would succeed, and seemed to accept my predictions just as much as if they were a matter of fate. At this time he was giving lessons for the paltry sum of fifteen cents an hour. I determined to take him away from Hamburg, but everybody, with the exception of his mother, smiled at the suggestion, and regarded it as fraught with folly. However, in the Spring of 1853 we left the city for the purpose of going to Weimar, but to get there we required money, and we had none. We had, therefore, to play our way from station to station, giving concerts in small villages and towns, writing and distributing the programmes ourselves, and to be content with receipts that did not average more than five or ten dollars. From an *enfant gâté* you see I came down to a very humble position, but I never despaired. Everywhere *en route* I recommended my Johannes to everybody as a genius, for I desired him, in my enthusiasm, to be recognized by the whole world. At last we reached Hanover, when I went straight to Joseph Joachim, with whom I had studied in the Conservatory at Vienna. He was at this time about twenty-one years of age, and a favorite of the blind King (who is now dead), occupying the position of concertmeister to His Majesty. I at once told him that I had no money, and that he must assist me. I also said that I had

left behind me in a little inn a young companion, named Johannes Brahms, who was a musical genius. At this stereotyped statement he smiled, and said that he would willingly recommend me and my companion to the King, in order that we might, perhaps, obtain the privilege of giving a concert before him, and thus secure a sufficient sum to carry us on our way.

"In the afternoon of that day I was called, with Joachim, to the presence of His Majesty. He inquired whom I desired for an accompanist and I replied, 'Your Majesty, I want none, because I have one with me whom I regard as a great musical genius.' The blind King replied, 'Well, we will hear your genius in the evening, when you shall give a concert in the court circle.' In the course of the evening the King asked Brahms to play some of his own compositions. When he had finished, His Majesty, taking my hand, led me to the window and said: 'My dear Mr. Remenyi, I believe you are carried away by your enthusiasm; your musical genius has no genius at all.' This historical moment was recalled to me by the King himself when in Paris in 1874. At a concert at the Salle Herz, after I had finished playing, he observed to me: 'With reference to your friend Johannes Brahms, you were right, and we were all wrong. I remember your prediction in 1853 concerning that young lad, and his present reputation is an honor

to your judgment.' The present Duke of Cumberland, the son of the King, and the whole suite were standing near by when His Majesty recapitulated the circumstances in detail. They all stared at me.

"From Hanover we went to Weimar, then the home of Liszt, and proceeded to the Hôtel de Russie. I dressed in my finest clothes for the great event of presenting myself to him. I went to his residence alone, and had scarcely arrived before I was ushered into a beautiful drawing-room full of the most exquisite objects of art, where I tremblingly awaited the appearance of the great man. As he came, the sight of his fine Dantesque face, which once seen can never be forgotten, almost overwhelmed me, but in a very few moments his kind manners and fine conversation put me completely at ease and restored me my self-possession. I told him frankly that I desired to avail myself of his instruction in music. He at once consented, adding that it would give him an especial pleasure to teach me because I was a fellow-countryman, a Hungarian. He said he had heard of me, and had made many inquiries concerning my past experience. In the course of the conversation he facetiously inquired if I was well supplied with money. I told him I had little or none. 'Where do you live?' said he. I told him I was at a neighboring hotel. He said, 'Get your things together and come and live with

me.' You cannot imagine my feelings. I was again overwhelmed, but this time with joy and gratitude. I said to him 'But, my dear master, I am not alone,' and in a few hurried words explained the discovery I had made in Hamburg, and described my friend Johannes. 'Oh, well,' said he, 'it does not matter. Come and live here together.' A heavy weight fell from my breast, and I ran back to the hotel, carrying the good news. Brahms was as much overjoyed as myself. We packed our baggage, and the next morning went to Altenberg, the residence of Liszt. After being comfortably installed, the great master said: 'Well, what is your genius, as you call him, able to do?' 'Master, he will play you some of his own compositions, which I hope will satisfy your high judgment.' Brahms was therefore invited to sit down to the piano, but hesitated, not daring to do so in the presence of so illustrious a personage. Seeing this, Liszt kindly said: 'If you have your compositions at hand I will play them for you.' He played two or three of them, as only the great maestro is able to play, at first sight. Brahms was overpowered, and I wept. After finishing them, Liszt left the piano, and walked up and down the room, saying nothing except 'Well, well! We shall see!'—nothing more, and relapsed into silence. After this pupils came in, and one of those interesting lessons was given which are only to be witnessed at the

Altenberg, where music was better taught and in a more congenial way than anywhere else in the world. It was a combination of theory and practice illustrated by the brain and fingers of the greatest exponent of music who lives. I have no need to say that the pupils regarded Liszt with veneration; in fact, almost worshipped him.

"And now comes an incident which has been a puzzle to me until the present time. While Liszt was playing most sublimely to his pupils, Brahms calmly slept in a fauteuil, or at least seemed to do so. It was an act that produced bad blood among those present, and everybody looked astonished and annoyed. I was thunderstruck. In going out I questioned Brahms concerning his behavior. His only excuse was: "Well, I was overcome with fatigue; I could not help it." My friend, William Mason, a distinguished American pianist and teacher, who is now in this city, was present on the memorable occasion and will corroborate the circumstance I have described. I mentioned it to him only the other day, and he remembered it perfectly. I said to Brahms: 'Whatever the cause, that moment was not the time for sleep, and I see clearly that there is no staying for you here.' I commenced to think about his removal to a more congenial place, still determined, however, to adhere to my first judgment. After a week's residence at Altenberg, I said to Brahms: 'It is useless for you to remain in

this neighborhood any longer, still I cannot go with you, because the great master is kind to me and I must continue my studies with him, therefore I will write a letter for you to Joseph Joachim, praying that he will send you to Robert Schumann, at Düsseldorf.' He agreed to the proposition. We put our little funds together, with which Brahms was able to reach Hanover, whence he went straight to Robert Schumann with a letter of introduction from my friend Joachim. Strangely enough I did not hear anything from Brahms for some time; probably he forgot me [and Remenyi said it painfully]. One day while sitting at dinner with Liszt (it was his habit to open his letters and newspapers while eating) he turned to me suddenly with the remark: 'Well, Remenyi, it seems that your judgment is right, after all. Here is a letter in "The Leipsic New Musical Journal," written by Robert Schumann, that will astonish the musical world. It says that a "new musical messiah has arrived, and that Minerva stood at the cradle of Johannes Brahms." ' I burst into tears, for I felt in an instant that it was a recompense for the devotion and persistency with which I had unselfishly adhered to the fortunes of my friend. Liszt became very thoughtful and said nothing more. From that moment I waited for a letter from Brahms, but it never came. And this," said Remenyi, "is the plain narrative of the incident

which you have asked me to divulge, and which for twenty years I have held sacred."

"By the way," added the speaker, turning to a volume, "I see it is stated here that 'in 1853 young Brahms made his first concert tour, and by mere chance went to Düsseldorf, where he took the occasion to make the acquaintance of Schumann.' You see from what I have said that it is absolutely not true. The visit to Schumann was most deliberately arranged by myself, and my letter to Joachim and the letter from Joachim to Schumann were simply stepping-stones in the career of Johannes Brahms."

"Have you met Brahms in person since that time?"

"Yes, twice. We were a few hours together, but no reference was made by either of us to the past. If he remembered it he may have had his reasons for shunning the subject, and I certainly did not care to recall it to his mind. Our conversation was of a general character."

"Now, let me ask you another question. Why is it you never play Brahms's 'Hungarian Dances,' being a Hungarian yourself, and a natural lover of your own national music?"

At this question Remenyi's face became suddenly clouded: in fact, it was covered with a shadow of pain. He replied after a moment, laying down the above-mentioned daguerreotype. "Ah! there is another point of history. You will remember that I

told you we travelled from village to village, earning a few dollars by the wayside. In the hotels at night, for the purpose of killing time, it was my habit to compose Hungarian melodies. Some of these I showed to him. To several, for the purpose of making an innocent deception, I gave the name of national airs, without saying by whom they were written, and my pleasure was always boundless when I heard him describe them as good, knowing that he was an impartial judge and appreciated that which was excellent in our art. One day, in 1868, after I had received my amnesty and was permitted to return to Hungary and travel unrestrainedly elsewhere, I happened to be in Vienna, and by accident went into a music store for the purpose of learning what new publications had appeared. Among the pieces that were handed me were a series of Hungarian dances, which the proprietor of the establishment said were making a sensation all over the civilized world. I overlooked them feverishly and discovered at once the origin of every one of the ten numbers. It is true that in the first editions made by Simrock, the title-page contained the words, ' Hungarian Dances,' followed, in very small letters, by the words, ' transcribed by (gesetzt),' and then the words, in large letters, 'Johannes Brahms'; but since that time new editions have appeared as the compositions of Brahms himself, and he must be aware of the fact. Indeed [turning to a file of

music], you can see here that his name is boldly attached to these dances, as if he were the actual composer. Now, the fact is that the ten compositions have the following origin:

"The first, in G minor, is called in Hungary the 'Divine Czardas,' and was published early in 1850 by the music firm, Rozsavolgyi, of Pesth, as you may see.

"The second, in D minor, is a popular czardas known all over Hungary from time immemorial.

"The third is in F minor, and the first part of it is my own. The second part is No. 5 of the 'Tolnai Lakadalmas' czardas, by Riszner.

"No. 4 is not a Hungarian air at all, but a bad imitation of Schubert's world-renowned serenade, travestied into a czardas.

"No. 5, the first part in F sharp minor, is a popular czardas by an unknown author. The second part is in F sharp major; it is not at all Hungarian, but a Slavonic dancing-air of olden time.

"No. 6 is a favorite czardas which became very popular in Hungary in the year 1861, and was, I believe, composed by Nittinger. Hungarian popular composers are very careless about their authorship and their copyrights, and I hope they will be sharper hereafter.

"No. 7, in F, is entirely my own and very generally played.

"No. 8, in A minor, is a popular czardas

composed by Szabady-Frank, and has been known during the last twenty-five years in Hungary by the name of 'Louisa Czardas.' It has a singular resemblance to a duetto in 'Lucia di Lammermoor.'

"No. 9, in E minor, is an air by some unknown Hungarian warbler or troubadour. It is very fine, and it was given to Brahms by me in 1853 during our peregrinations.

"No. 10, is, again, taken from the very popular 'Tolnai Lakadalmas' czardas, by Riszner, the music published by Wagner, and printed in Pesth about the year 1840. One or two are Hungarian dances composed by Keler Bela, but which I do not know precisely.

"You see, therefore, why I am averse to the performance of these so-called 'Brahms' dances.' I have been asked to play them many times, but have uniformly answered 'no,' for I knew them long before they ever appeared with the name of Brahms as their figurehead."

"But if some of these are your own compositions, why don't you play them?"

"For the simple reason that the public may think I am not playing them in the right way, inasmuch as they have been accustomed to hearing them given in a style totally different from my own, although I think you will concede that I ought to be the best judge of the manner in which my own compositions should be performed."

EDOUARD REMENYI AND MAXIMILIAN VOGRICH

(From a photograph taken in 1879)

A rap at the door at this moment announced the arrival of two or three gentlemen, and the interview was thus brought to a close. Remenyi, however, took occasion to say hurriedly that during his stay in New York he had found another artist — a brother Hungarian — who might be appropriately described as the coming man in musical composition, and who was destined for a remarkable career.* He said:

"If, as a boy, I judged so well for Brahms, I have now the courage, after twenty-five years' experience, without fear of denial, to declare that I have discovered another musical genius. I know that when I announce his name it will be the signal for the opening of all the vials of malice and professional jealousy, but if the Almighty preserves him in health, believe me that you will yet see masterpieces by a man who has been prodigally endowed by nature and who will illustrate his gifts in a manner that will astonish the lovers of all truly great music. He has the head of a Mozart."

"What is his name?"

"I will reserve that until I see you again."

—NEW YORK HERALD, Jan. 18, 1879.

* *Remenyi referred to his protégé, Maximilian Vogrich, the composer.*

IX

REMENYI AS A PATRIOT

DURING the Hungarian Revolution of 1848 and 1849 Remenyi played a prominent part. Though he did not actually fight, he was present at the most important battles. During the engagements, and also after a day's fighting was over, he encouraged the patriots to action by playing patriotic battle airs and hymns in his inimitable style. So stirring, indeed, was the effect of his activities that special efforts were made by the Austrians and Russians to capture him, for they considered him as important a factor as some of the leaders. After the surrender at Vilàgos, in 1849, Remenyi fled from Hungary with other patriots.

During the '50's, he returned and found that Hungary was almost like a graveyard; the Magyar people were suffering in silence from the tyranny of their Austrian oppressors. It was then that, going from city to city and from village to village, Remenyi, playing the soul-stirring "Racokzy March," infused new blood into the people, called them to action, and animated the patriots. The effect was so tremendous that it alarmed the government. An official edict was issued forbidding Remenyi, under

the penalty of death, to play with this purpose in view. Undaunted by this edict, he continued, and eluded his pursuers for a time, but at last was again compelled to flee from the country. After the agreement between Hungary and Austria was consummated, in 1867, and general amnesty declared, Remenyi returned to his native land.

His best friend and comrade was Alexander Petofi, the soldier poet and the popular idol of the Magyar people, who not only helped them in their struggle for liberty with the pen but also with the sword, and fell at the battle of Segevar, in 1849. In order to manifest the patriotic gratitude of the people to this great leader, it was resolved to erect a monument to him at Budapest, and Remenyi, on a concert tour throughout Hungary, raised thirty thousand florins for that purpose,* declaring that while he had no more than was absolutely necessary to live on, he would not keep a dollar for himself from the earnings of these concerts until he had raised a sufficient amount for the erection of the monument. This he accomplished, and the Petofi statue at Budapest to-day is one of the grandest testimonials to the unselfish patriotism of Remenyi.

I well remember, on one occasion about four years before his death, calling upon him with a delegation for the purpose of getting him to play at a charitable affair. He received us in his bedchamber.

* *Mme. Remenyi in her sketch makes this sum one hundred thousand florins.*

We found him sitting on his bed in picturesque *negligé*, tuning and cleaning his favorite Stradivarius, which he hugged very close to his breast. He said to us that the Strad was his inseparable companion and bedfellow, and that he could not sleep peacefully unless he knew it was lying close by him. Then, taking up the inanimate piece of wood, he suddenly, with his characteristic quickness, played one of his favorite serenades as if inspired by some superhuman spirit, and while we were standing around spellbound he broke into a fiery czardas.

On another occasion early in the Spring of 1898, at a reception tendered to him by the New York Hungarian Literary Society, on the eve of his departure for the West, his last earthly journey, he said to me:

"My dear Cukor, this piece of wood and its predecessor were my truest, my closest companions through life. When I wept, they sobbed, and when I rejoiced, they laughed; they shared my sorrows and my joys. I know and I feel that I shall die in harness; that I shall go on my last earthly tour with these precious companions of mine, interpreting the very depths of my soul and giving expression to my tenderest and deepest inspirations. Yes, my dear boy, I shall die fiddling."

How true that prophecy was, is shown by his untimely death at San Francisco while he was actually performing on his favorite Stradivarius.

MORRIS CUKOR.

PART II

DEATH OF REMENYI AND TRIBUTES TO HIS GENIUS

The strings are mute
And the bow is stilled,
For gone is the master-hand.
Yet the chords he stirred
In the hearts once thrilled
Find echoes in every land.

—G. D. K.

I

DEATH OF REMENYI

"EDOUARD REMENYI fell dead this afternoon at the Orpheum Theatre in this city. It was Remenyi's first appearance on the vaudeville stage. As the artist appeared, and was greeted with tumultuous applause, he bowed his acknowledgment and seemed immensely pleased at the reception given him. He had played two or three classical pieces, and had answered to an encore with the familiar 'Old Glory.' Remenyi played as if inspired. His three thousand auditors, as he approached his climax, literally rose with him, leaving their seats in their excitement, completely carried away by his achievement. When the music ceased the house was swept with a torrent of bravos. In response to another burst of applause, Remenyi commenced to play Delibes' 'Pizzicato.' He had just completed a few bars of the difficult fingering when he leaned forward as if to speak to one of the musicians in the orchestra. He seemed to pause a moment, and then slowly fell forward on his face. One of the musicians caught him just before he touched the stage and prevented him from rolling off.

All was over. He was carried from the stage, and physicians worked over him for some time, but their efforts were futile. Remenyi had seemed overwhelmed at the great reception given him. After playing his first selection, he said to a friend behind the stage: 'Wonderful; a wonderful audience; wonderful; a great people!' In addressing a gathering of friends at his hotel last night, Remenyi said, among other things: 'I will play three-quarters of my life, I will play all my life, and I will play after I am dead. My hands are still limber and my arms are still strong.'"—*Despatch from San Francisco to the* NEW YORK HERALD, May 16, 1898.

II

REMENYI'S DEATH ON THE STAGE

THE science of music is the science of moving the mind or the soul, and he or she who is gifted to become master can enslave those who listen. Remenyi proved the truth of this definition. It has been said that despondency anchors the soul to its sorrow to the extent that it deafens the ear. As was said, weepingly, by the exiled Israelites when they hung their harps upon the willows by the river, "How can we sing and play in a strange land when our thoughts are on Zion?" Age had come upon Remenyi; opportunities had been overlooked. His youthful improvidence and carelessness with regard to providing for old age were now telling on him. The necessities of home forced him to accept exile from the high place on the concert stage where he had been a star; but with indomitable courage, and defying the infirmities due to years and poor health, he declared that in this new engagement he would create the sensation of his life. He would prove the truth of the statement that the moving of the mind and the soul was the mission of music, and that he would win from thousands the applause

that would emphasize the same. He had come here to play in a strange land, where his heart was sad and his "Zion" seemed destroyed. This promise to triumph was not idle. No artist ever lived who triumphed more than he did upon the occasion in question. He appeared before many thousands and was received with great enthusiasm. Not one of those who applauded him knew that during all the preceding night and up to noon of the day on which he played, he had been suffering extreme pain, and attended by a nurse and a doctor. When the sun was well up, he inquired of the nurse the time and said: "At eleven o'clock I must rehearse with the orchestra." His physician, Dr. Winslow Anderson, forbade him to leave his bed.

Remenyi smiled, and remarked: "I stayed in bed all night because that was the proper place for me, but to-day my place is on the stage with my violin, and I will create the sensation of my life."

In disobedience to the doctor's orders and despite the beseeching of his friends, he wrapped himself in his famous old cloak, and, placing his violin under his arm, was starting for the Orpheum Theatre, when a messenger brought in a large bunch of carnations from my daughter. These he admired and raved over with his usual enthusiasm, declaring that he could not go without writing her a letter. He immediately sat down and penned the following:

"My very dear Miss Mabel: A million good thanks (count them) for your gracious girlish floral sending. Will try to come up with my violin to the sender and the beauty of the flowers. Thanks, and believe me to be always your friend,

"Ed. Remenyi."

This was the last letter he ever wrote. He proceeded to the theatre, and when his place on the programme was reached he appeared and was greeted with an ovation. His audience knew him, and they emphasized their feelings enthusiastically; it was several minutes before he could proceed. "My dearest friend!" he said, as he held up his violin and looked at it proudly. His first piece was rendered possibly better than he had ever played it before. The applause that followed betokened that his audience was conscious such was the fact. Bowing repeatedly, he proceeded with his second piece, the "Pizzicato," from Delibes' ballet "Sylvia." The applause which followed was no less hearty. Then he played a third piece, which brought forth new bravos and more strenuous applause. After some hesitancy, being fatigued, in response to the overwhelming call he appeared again and finally consented to play "Old Glory," which is so dear to every American. He had scarcely played four bars, when suddenly his frame quivered and his bow fell from his hands.* There was a great

** There is some confusion as regards the piece Remenyi was playing when he fell. It is generally supposed he was just beginning to play the "Pizzicato" from the Delibes' Suite, when the bow dropped from his hand.*

silence; he looked bewildered; suddenly he sank to the stage; he realized that his work was over. His violin was his last thought. He put both arms around it, hugging it as tenderly as a mother would her babe. It was saved from being wrecked or even injured by the fall. His lifeless body was carried to an adjoining room, from whence it was taken and lovingly cared for by his immediate friends and sincere admirers.

The family were notified, and his body was directed to be sent to his home in New York. While it was resting here awaiting shipment, a death-mask was taken by the artist, Val. Schmidt. The mask was delivered to F. Marion Wells, who had partly prepared a bust of Remenyi when the artist himself died.

HENRY J. KOWALSKY.

III

THE FUNERAL SERVICES IN NEW YORK

[The body of Remenyi arrived in New York, May 28, and was taken by members of the Yorkville Hungarian Society to its rooms to await the public funeral on the next day at the Lenox Lyceum. The Remenyi Memorial Committee selected the following pallbearers: Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, Henry D. Chapman, Jr., Robert H. Griffin, Emerson McMillan, John Philip Sousa, Bruno Oscar Klein, Max Vogrich, Isadore Luckstone, William Perzel, Consul General Francis Stockinger, Robert W. Bourne, Edward T. Cornelis, Rafael Joseffy, Louis Fleishman, Alexander Hollander, John D. Crimmins, Sigmund Neustadt, Theodore Jotis, Vilmos Kovas, Sylvester A. Murphy, Emerson Kleinmann, Marcus Brown, John Kiss, Norman A. Edison, and Morris A. Cukor. The following description of the services is taken from "The New York Herald" of May 30, 1898.

"The public funeral of Edouard Remenyi, the violin virtuoso, took place yesterday morning at the Lenox Lyceum, Madison Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street, at eleven o'clock. The funeral cortege left the Yorkville Hungarian Society's rooms at 10:30 o'clock and, headed by two hundred members of that society, marched to the Lyceum. There the funeral party was met by the pallbearers, numbering thirty well-known men in the musical world, and friends of the dead musician, who followed the body up the centre aisle. The Musical Mutual Pro tective Union (Conductor, Sam Lehman) played a funeral march, composed for the occasion by Ludomir Thomas. The body, in a simple casket, surrounded by flowers, was laid on the catafalque, and the programme, which consisted of six numbers, began. The Lyceum was packed to overflowing by friends of the

dead violinist. The two children of Remenyi, Tibor and Adrienne, walked in advance of the procession up the aisle and sat on either side of the casket. Mrs. Remenyi, who has been an invalid for years, was unable to attend. After the funeral march had been played, the male chorus of the Hungarian Singing Society, led by their conductor, Professor Ringelmann, sang the Hungarian national anthem, 'Magyar Dalarda.' The fourth number on the programme was the Hungarian National Dirge, played by five Hungarian bands. The solo of Olah Pal, 'Repulj Ferskun' ('Fly, My Bird'), was exquisitely executed, notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Pal played the piece only from recollection of hearing Remenyi play it. This was Remenyi's own composition, as well as his favorite piece, and the sweet mournful notes of Mr. Pal's execution brought tears to many eyes in the audience. The playing by the gypsy bands of the 'Lehulott a Vezgo Nyarfa Levele' ('The Summer Leaves Have Fallen') and the 'Kitettek a Holtestet' ('They Took the Coffin Away') was also very effective. The combined Hungarian bands were under direction of Dr. Leo Sommers."]

Mr. Morris Cukor, Hungarian consul, paid the following brief but eloquent tribute to his late friend:

"Fellow-countrymen and friends of the departed! We have not only lost an artist, a musician, we have lost a man. Countrymen, we have lost a patriot who swayed men by his genius and music. Hungary cannot alone lay claim to owning this great man; this country, in which he died as he was playing its national hymn, can also claim him. He loved America for the freedom its people enjoy, for he was above all a lover of liberty. As a musician he knew no school, he knew no master but one — inspiration.

DEATH-MASK OF EDOUARD REMENYI

Farewell, dear Master! Farewell, dear Remenyi! We loved you living; we love you dead."

Recorder Goff followed Mr. Cukor and said:

"I am honored to be called upon from out of many people of my tongue much more able than I to pay a tribute to this great man and musician, Edouard Remenyi. From the cradle his life was full of sacrifices for his country and his brethren. Remenyi was not alone a great musician, but he was also a great patriot. Twelve years ago, we in the United States were electrified by the influence of two great evangelists. One was the orator, one was the singer. This was not the first time that two men of the same kind had by music and oratory changed the lives of individuals and the policies of nations. During the Revolution of 1848, when Hungary declared herself independent of Austria, there were two men who awakened the country in enthusiasm for freedom and liberty — Kossuth, the orator, and Remenyi the musician. Remenyi died as he wished to die. Just at this time when this country, from ocean to ocean, is enthused with patriotism, Remenyi drew his bow across his violin, and, with the notes of 'The Star Spangled Banner' dying away amid thundering applause, he died, as he wished to die, with his dear old instrument hugged tight to his breast.

"Good-bye, Remenyi! The world is better for your having lived in it. Peace, peace, to your memory!"

After the funeral services the body was taken to Evergreen Cemetery, where the Actors' Fund of America had prepared a grave for it. The floral pieces, which were many, were contributed by the Hungarian Literary Society, the Yorkville Hungarian Society, the Hungarian Singing Society, Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, Consul General Stockinger, the Hungarian Sick and Benevolent Society, Rafael Joseffy, and Colonel H. J. Kowalsky,of San Francisco, who sent a wreath of roses. Many other pieces were sent, without the names of the senders on them, from various parts of the country.

IV

IN MEMORIAM

REMENYI was a man of such intensity of feeling and enthusiasm toward his adopted country as well as his native land that the strain was likely too great, but his friends cannot but feel that his death was such a one as he would have chosen — to fall with his violin in his hands in the midst of a burst of patriotic enthusiasm. It would be superfluous to dwell upon his musical genius or his brilliant career, familiar to all through his world-wide reputation and his mastery of that most difficult of instruments. Yet those who knew Remenyi best often felt and said that great as were his attainments as a violin virtuoso, they were equalled by the rare brilliancy of his mind; his great stores of knowledge, combined with his astonishing powers of observation and his phenomenal memory. Many will remember his fluency of speech and his discriminating command even of foreign tongues; the magnetism which surrounded his unique and powerful personality; the fascination of his conversation, and the flashes of his wit. His humor was subtle and irresistible, while his store of anecdote was apparently unlimited. Six

years of his life were spent under the same roof with Victor Hugo, and he was associated with such men as Liszt, Seidl, and the most famous musicians and artists of this country as well as of the Continent, and leading minds in literary and political circles. Remenyi was an unusual connoisseur of art and its history, and his private collection comprised many paintings by the old masters. He wielded the pen with power and unique charm and originality. Although Remenyi was essentially a cosmopolitan, he was an intense lover of Hungary, its people, its history, and its music. His wife is a clever and charming lady of the Hungarian nobility; he leaves also two children. His loss as a composer will be greatly felt, as many of his own creations were beautiful and full of the Hungarian fire. Chief of these may be mentioned his "Royal Hymn," dedicated to "the King of Hungary" (not to the Emperor of Austria) — a superb, soul-stirring, and majestic march which was to have been given to the public in Budapest in a few years with Remenyi as leader of orchestra and chorus.

"CORVINA."

V

ANECDOTES OF REMENYI

ALEXANDER PETOFI, the great Hungarian poet, the Edgar Poe of Hungary, wrote a poem in which he prayed to God to grant him the boon of letting him die on the battlefield. In 1848 his prayer was granted, as he died fighting for his country's liberty. Remenyi was a great admirer of Petofi, and this was his favorite poem. He always said that he would also pray God to let him die on the concert platform, and his prayer was also granted — for he died on the stage in San Francisco

Remenyi was an intimate friend of my father's, and when I first met him in the lobby of the Grand Pacific Hotel, Chicago, in 1878, and introduced myself, he was so delighted that he waltzed around the rotunda with me, people doubtless thinking him crazy. He was a great enthusiast!

Remenyi was also a great linguist. He spoke the languages of nearly all civilized nations, and some Hindustani, as he had travelled for a number of years in India, where he also became a vegetarian. During 1879 we were much together in Chicago, and one evening I invited him to an Italian restaurant for

a dish of macaroni, of which he was very fond. When he addressed the proprietor in his own language the latter was delighted to meet a countryman. The same thing occurred in a French restaurant, where he was taken for a Frenchman; in a Hungarian place he was at last recognized as a Hungarian.

Remenyi had a wonderful memory. He knew over six hundred musical pieces by heart, many of them classical. One evening we were invited to a friend's house where, in Remenyi's honor, the Liesegang Quartette was playing some of Beethoven's and Mozart's sonatas. The host urged Remenyi to play the first violin in one of his favorite sonatas, but he replied," I shall not remember it any more, I think, as I have not played it for twenty-five years." He took his violin, however, went over to the music-stand, looked into the music, started to play, and after a few bars, left the stand and played it by heart.

At South Bend he played in a concert for the benefit of the poor, under the auspices of the Ladies' Benevolent Society. The ladies presented him with a fine gold watch, and it was on this occasion that he first played his great " Hymn to Liberty," with a mixed chorus of over one hundred voices. A year previous, when he was playing in Washington, D. C., the Hon. Carl Schurz, then Minister of the Interior, presented him with a watch; it was a master-work of art, its two outside plates being inlaid with twenty-florin gold pieces of Kossuth's money of 1848.

During this same Summer I also arranged a number of concerts in the neighboring towns and cities, for Remenyi. In Elkhart, Indiana, as he came upon the stage, a young couple sat, directly in front, munching peanuts. Remenyi stood with violin in hand, looking at the young people and smiling. The audience also looked and began to grow uneasy. At last he addressed them: "Ladies and gentlemen: Permit me to wait until these good people have finished their peanut feast." Here some one called: "Put them out!" but Remenyi answered: "No, my good friend, we cannot do that; these people paid for their seats." By this time, however, the poor young people shamefacedly hid their peanuts and the concert began.

At Niles, Michigan, while he was playing the adagio in the Mendelssohn concerto, a drum-and-fife corps went marching by the theatre, and Remenyi stopped. Thus he waited, violin in hand, until the noise died out, the band playing a tune popular at that time, "Charlie, come up, I want you!" At this he raised his violin to his chin and, in imitation of the flute or fife, played the same tune. There was a roar of laughter and applause, and after that he continued his concerto.

During one of Remenyi's concert tours the following interesting occurrence took place in one of the coaches in the train: As we were to arrive somewhat late in the city where he was to play that night,

he took his instrument from the box to tune it. A young fellow who occupied the next seat saw it and said: "Give us a tune, old man!"

Remenyi took in the situation at once and answered, "How much do you pay?"

"Well, I would risk a quarter."

"Now, that is not enough. I tell you what you do: I shall play for you when the train slows down near the station; but, as all the other people will hear it, you go around with your hat and collect!"

"It's a go!" said the youngster, and so it was. As Remenyi commenced his playing I was watching the young fellow, and I must give him credit for the embarrassment noticeable on his face. He certainly never had heard such strains, and after Remenyi finished the boy stood there highly mortified. Remenyi smilingly reminded him of his promise, and shamefacedly he took his hat and went around to the passengers. There were quite a number of people in the car who knew Remenyi, and they laughingly threw some coin or a dollar-bill into the hat. When the youngster handed the hat to Remenyi he told me to count the money, and I found four dollars and fifty cents. He requested me to add enough from the funds I was carrying for him to make it ten dollars, then handed the money to the young man, with the remark:

"There, my boy, are ten dollars. Take them to your town and hand them to the mayor with my best

regards and tell him that Edouard Remenyi, the Hungarian fiddler, sends them to the poor of his town."

The boy took the money reluctantly, amid the applause of the people in the car.

Remenyi stayed in my house until the Fall, when he left for his concert tour. In 1880 I removed to Denver, Colorado, where I again invited him to visit me, his answer being that he would come on the condition that I arrange some concerts for him. I gave my promise and sent an agent all through the State to arrange the dates, etc. When he arrived in Denver, Remenyi was received with a brass band at the depot and with a banquet in the evening at the Windsor Hotel, to which all the editors of the city and some officials and friends had been invited. His concert tour through the State was one great success!

At Fort Collins the hotel porter, a big burly negro, approached Remenyi when he was sitting on the veranda and the following colloquy ensued:

Porter. "What do you do in the show?"

Remenyi. "I am the endman."

P. "I thought so. Have you got some influence with the boss of the show?"

R. "I think I have a little."

P. "I thought so. Could you get some tickets for me and my old woman to the show?"

R. "Maybe I could."

P. "I thought so. Try hard!"

R. "I will try mighty hard."

P. "I thought so."

I gave the man two passes, and as we started to the Opera House I gave him the violin to carry.

"Who plays this fiddle?" he asked.

"The endman," I said.

"I thought so!"

After the concert, he was in the lobby waiting for us with a very long face. Remenyi handed him the violin, and we walked on, he mumbling constantly. At last he turned to Remenyi and said:

"You bet you fooled me!"

Remenyi. "I thought so!"

In a mining-town in Colorado some national melodies nearly cost him his life. The audience was mostly composed of miners. When the pianist appeared the talk and noise went on all the same, and all through the other numbers, so that when Remenyi came on there was a perfect babel of noises. He labored under some disadvantage in his personal appearance, being a short stout man with a complete tonsure, looking the priest for all the world. "Hello, old man!" was the cry; "give us your blessing first!" He stood there, violin in hand, staring at the people for a few minutes, and, as the noise did not cease, he raised the violin to his chin and began to brush over the strings as if playing. The people strained their ears to listen, until perfect quiet reigned. Then, with his magic tones and strains, he charmed and silenced them to such a degree that you could

EDOUARD REMENYI

(Taken in Denver, Colorado)

have heard a pin drop. And he played Mendelssohn's concerto. The applause was frantic. Unfortunately, however, he played his famous American medley as an encore. After the finish there was a howling mob, standing on chairs and using them to demolish things. After repeating it three times, as the noise did not cease, the manager came running on to the stage to beg Remenyi to play it once again, as they were breaking his furniture. Seeing the exhausted condition of the old man, however, I ordered the carriage to the stage door and as soon as he reappeared in the green room, packed him into it and carried him off to the hotel. I heard afterward that the miners stormed the stage and looked for him.

Remenyi was both generous and honest. In Longmont, Colorado, a poor school-teacher brought a violin to the hotel and asked him to buy it. Remenyi was an expert in violins, and at the first glance saw it was an Amati and asked the price. The man thought about twenty-five dollars would not be too much. Remenyi said, "No, the violin is worth two hundred dollars to me," and paid that sum, to the man's great surprise. Remenyi had at one time about forty valuable old violins. What became of them? When he died there were only two left.

The great charm and impressiveness of Remenyi's playing were wonderfully demonstrated in Toledo during the festivals of the United German Singing Societies of America. He was one of the soloists,

and as one of his encores he played Schubert's " Serenade." There were about twenty thousand people in the big temporary hall, and toward the close, when the song dies away gradually, the mass of people became charmed to such a breathless quietude that you actually could have heard a pin drop.

Remenyi supported the talented and tried to suppress the untalented. In every city where he played there were always numbers of people coming to him to have him hear them play or sing. Sometimes he was harsh in his judgment, sometimes sarcastic, but oftener gentle. A lady with a small voice, who was desirous of going on the stage, asked his judgment. He answered: " Madame, if you study well, you will make a good parlor singer." To many a talented violinist he gave letters of recommendation to his old friend Joachim, which no doubt were of high value to the bearer.

ALEXANDER RIXA.

VI

FURTHER ANECDOTES OF REMENYI

AN old comrade of the Hungarian violinist wrote to "The New York Sun" in 1878:

"Edward Remenyi, the coming genius of harmony, is a Hungarian by birth and education. He enlisted as a soldier (*honved*) in 1848, and became an *aide-de-camp* to General Görgey when the later was appointed commander-in-chief of the hero-army of Hungary. The writer was *aide-de-camp* also, and ranked Remenyi. We all loved and admired him so much that we used to drive him away from the fields of battle in order to save the world a master in music. Incidentally I will mention that on the eleventh day of July, when one of the bloodiest Austro-Russian and Hungarian battles was fought Görgey forbade Remenyi to follow us. He did follow, nevertheless, and appeared in the white heat of the conflict. Görgey, on noticing him, ordered two hussars to conduct him from the field under arrest."

HENRI BARACS, a Hungarian journalist, relates the following anecdote of Remenyi and General Görgey:

"Remenyi, at the time of the Hungarian revolution, was but a young fellow, yet had already won national fame as a violinist. He was a great favorite with the Hungarian commander-in-chief, General Görgey, as well as with his officers and men, and his playing was inspiring to the soldiers. He was with Görgey's staff on that memorable August 13, 1849, when the General at Vilàgos surrendered the Hungarian army to the Russians. Görgey wore on his watch-chain a locket given him by his wife, which he valued highest among all his earthly possessions, it was said. But after the surrender the General took this locket from his chain and handed it to Remenyi with the words: 'Keep it, for my wife will never forgive me for what I have done to-day.'"

TIBOR REMENYI, only son of the violinist, contributes the following incidents, some of which relate to the revolutionary experiences of his father.

"In the Revolution of 1848 my father was eighteen years of age and was serving General Görgey. On the day of a battle he put on a uniform resembling the General's, so that the enemy might shoot him rather than the latter. After that, as Görgey liked him very much, he had my father locked up on the day of the next battle so that he might not risk his young life. But somehow he escaped from the place where he was confined, and was the first on the field.

"When he went back the second time to Hungary

in 1891 (the first time was in 1860), he was greeted with a reception very much like the one Admiral Dewey had on his return to America. I was with him then. Soldiers lined the streets from the depot to the hotel, and my father had to make speeches. I saw an old man at a way-station shake him by the hand and say that now he had seen Remenyi, he could die happy!

"Few people know that he came to this country for the first time in the steerage, in 1850, with Kossuth. He possessed very little, and to get enough to eat had to play for ten cents, at Niblo's Garden, I think. He once showed me where the old place was in Fourteenth Street.

"When Remenyi was in Melbourne, Australia, in 1884, among the singers who wanted to be heard by him was a Mrs. Armstrong. She had no sooner sung the first notes of Schubert's "Serenade" than he was convinced of her possibilities and urged her to go to Europe for study. Six years later, when Remenyi returned to Europe from a tour of the world, he often spoke of Mrs. Armstrong, and wondered what had become of her and her beautiful voice. One night at Covent Garden, in London, where 'Romeo and Juliet' was given, as soon as Juliet came upon the stage, Remenyi left his box, in a great state of excitement, and went behind the scenes. When he returned, the cause of his agitation was discovered: 'That was Mrs. Armstrong,' he exclaimed."

Remenyi often told with a merry chuckle the story of his first appearance in Kensington Gardens to play before the Queen. Prince Albert Edward was there, then but a child in kilts, and he introduced himself to the young virtuoso by jumping over his shoulders and demanding a game of leap-frog.

Remenyi was taken by surprise by the unexpected onslaught, and before a game could be arranged the royal mother interposed by a command that the prince apologize for the liberty he had taken, which he did eventually most humbly. Then the artist offered a back, and His Highness went over with a gleeful bound and rolled his dumpling body on the sod in high delight.

Remenyi and the artists of his troupe visited the White House, December 7, 1878, upon the invitation of Mrs. Hayes, and were entertained by the President and his wife. The musical programme included a Chopin nocturne and mazurka and a serenade by Dulcken, performed by Remenyi; Sullivan's "Lost Chord," sung by Miss Ames; Barry's song, "Saved from the Storm," sung by Mr. Courtney; "The Village Blacksmith," sung by Sig. Campobello; and the Boccherini minuet, played by Mr. Dulcken.

The New York correspondent of "The Boston Evening Telegraph" writes the following, under date of January 20, 1878.

"In the large hall of the building on Leonard Street, occupied by the Italian School of the Children's Aid Society, there was an amusing illustration, a few evenings ago, of the fondness of the young Italians for music, and of its influence upon them. The locality is that formerly known as the Five Points, and about four hundred and fifty children of ragpickers, pedlers, and laborers assembled for their Christmas festival, which had been postponed. If it had been generally known that Remenyi had kindly offered to show these children of the land of song what could be done on the violin, the audience would have been uncomfortably large. As it was, the hall was crowded, and after the little ones had sung a hymn, and a band, composed of the older scholars, had performed some selections from Verdi in a style which showed a decided inclination for fortissimo effects, the Hungarian violinist began to exercise the magic of his art. The four hundred little faces brightened as the children listened to the 'Elégie' of Ernst and a Chopin nocturne. M. Remenyi said that he would first try the effect of serious music upon these little waifs of humanity, and it was curious to note the interest which they showed in the tender strains he drew from his violin. As he played, his juvenile audience grew more and more absorbed in their attention, and when he finished they greeted him with a storm of applause. But when he gave them a lively air with variations and a

Caprice of Paganini's, introducing some of the surprising staccato and pianissimo effects of which he is master, the young Italians were irrepressible in their demonstrations of delight. They could not be kept from rising to their feet and interrupting the performance with shouts and laughter and clapping of hands. The Hungarian violinist certainly never had a more enthusiastic and demonstrative audience of admirers than these little Italians of the Five Points of New York."

REMENYI'S CONCERT ON THE PYRAMID

The "Leipziger Illustrirte Zeitung," of March 15, 1873, published the following account of Remenyi's playing upon the Cheops pyramid:

"On the second of last January a number of ladies and gentlemen travelled from Cairo to Gizeh. Among them were Edouard Remenyi, his friend and companion, Ferdinand Plotenyi, General Klapka, and other notables.

"After their arrival at the pyramid of Cheops, they were guided by eager fellahs four hundred and fifty feet upwards. The most beautiful weather favored the excursion. Not a breath of air stirred the atmosphere, and pure and cloudless glistened the deep blue sky. The clearest light shimmered over the endless expanse of desert. The tones of music produced a powerful effect in the awesome stillness which exists at this altitude. Remenyi played a Prelude

of Chopin, the Hungarian Hymn by Vorosmarty, known as 'Szozat,' a Turkish air of his own composition, the Hungarian song 'Repulj Ferskun' ('Fly, Swallow'), the Hungarian 'Hymn of Prayer' by Kölsey, and with Plotenyi a duo by Spohr. Full and pure rang out the tones of the violin from the summit of the pyramid—now rejoicing, now wailing and trembling—to those listening reverently below. Upon their descent an elaborate breakfast awaited them in the vice-regal pavilion at the foot of the pyramid; but all present voiced the conviction that the memory of the hours they had just passed through could never be effaced."

REMENYI AND THE PALM

Remenyi's admiration for the palm reached almost the dignity of a cult. In one of his photographs he has seated himself beneath the curving sweep of its graceful branches, and in the bottom of the soft-lined case of his dearest Stradivarius he always carried a leaf or two from the palm. These he was wont to take up or point out as he tenderly would lift or replace his instrument. While in the South, a year or so before his death, he said he became so enthusiastic over the palm that he was impelled to write a composition — the mysterious whispering of the wind in its distant branches bringing a peculiar music to his acute ear, which he translated in a weird and beautiful manner with his violin. The

finished result was a superb and varied " Habanera," marked by a rhythm and a haunting minor refrain which, once heard, could never be forgotten. It was in strange contrast to his brilliant compositions of Hungarian fire, his classic work, or the stately " Triumphal March," composed by him for the occasion of the unveiling of the statue of his beloved Mathias Corvinus, King of Hungary, wherein his grandest conceptions and deepest enthusiasm find an impressive scope. The figure of Remenyi as he played these compositions of his own for a few friends is inseparably associated with his music. Remenyi was impatient of any break in the stillness of a room in which he was playing, and often he would wander back and forth, his instrument in hand, his music growing fainter and fainter as he moved farther away, and swelling again as he returned, perhaps, to lean against a table or a chair, playing with eyes all but closed. At such moments his smile and the play of the expressions that would pass in rapid succession over his features were fascinating to follow. Sometimes at the end of a piece he would let his bow drop noiselessly across his knees, but more frequently, if his execution had been brilliant he would close with the sweep of his bow so familiar to all his friends. In one of Remenyi's personal notes his love of the palm appears in his manner of signing himself:

"Thousand million greetings and thanks to my good and genial friend, from her devoted Palm-tree fiddler, EDOUARD REMENYI."

"My acquaintance with Remenyi," writes Prof. J. D. Batchelder, "was but the merest meeting; yet the interview has always seemed to me significant, for among the few words I ever heard him speak he tried to embody his life philosophy. Together with a friend I called on a lady then singing with considerable success in his company. She had been an old school-chum, and we were too frivolously happy in our reminiscent chattering to appreciate the honor when Remenyi entered and elaborately begged for an introduction.

"'I am always eager to meet young girls,' said the distinguished musician; 'am eager to see everything young and free and (excuse me) beautiful. All beauty is a spree to me. It is so I live my life. When I see a beautiful tree, to me it is a spree. When a bird sings sweetly, to me it is a spree. If a ship sails well it is a spree to me. And all life and all beauty and, above all, all young things — they are to me sprees, yes, sprees. It is thus I keep life happy when I am getting old myself, for life could get very, very dreary, my dear young ladies, if one did not search out the sprees.'"

PART III

SKETCHES AND LETTERS

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I

MUSIC

OUR music is of the very highest excellence. Music is, we know, the loftiest expression of human feeling. It is the very essence of genuinely felt idealism; it utters the unutterable; it lifts us up into the regions of contemplation and pure serenity. It makes our bosoms heave with satisfaction, with sadness, with joy, with high resolve, with deep human sympathy. Its beauty consists in its absolute intangibility, it escapes our average everyday analysis, though its rules are as strict as the grammar of a language, within which the poet, the writer, the speaker, have immense latitude and freedom for the utterance or the inspiration which fills them, but to the observance of which they are strictly bound. And yet how wide is the scope of language! A Dante, a Shakespeare, a Demosthenes, a Cicero, a Burke, a Hugo, can each give free utterance to the ideal thoughts within him, in language as rich and

varied as his individual genius, but they are all the while restricted by the unalterable laws which govern the forms and beauties of language.

Just so, music, the most ideal of arts, stands higher than literature or any other art. Its three elements — Rhythm, Melody, and Harmony — are a holy trinity, the mystery of which we need no Saint Augustin to solve, and constitute the power to stir up the feelings of the innermost spirit to a degree that no other art can approach. Why this is I cannot answer, neither can anyone define with absolute certainty what is *love*, or *sleep*, or *taste*. But we feel its power, just as we see with our eyes,— no, not with our eyes, properly speaking, but the outer vibration reverberates in us through those little spiritual windows, and so music (which is vibration, too,) reaches us through our hearing. But how? We know not. As Shakespeare says, there are many things in heaven and earth not dreamt of in our philosophy. We need not trouble ourselves with the primordial causes of music or any other indefinable metaphysical or psychological matter. We hear music, but how the physical proceeding is effected and how the physical causes which put our tympana into vibrational motion reach our spirit does not matter. We hear, and are elated.

II

POPULAR MUSIC

IN crossing the Pacific from San Francisco to Sydney, a highly cultured literary man remarked to me that it was very *condescending* on my part to play, from time to time, popular melodies at my concerts. I underline the word *condescending*, as it is the pivotal column of what I have to say. The gentleman was not a musician, and my answer was somewhat as follows:

"My dear friend, I am, as you say, very often asked to play, at my concerts, some popular melody familiar to all, and the request is generally accompanied by excuses for trespassing on the threshold of Art's sacred temple by expressing such a wish. In the first place, when I play popular melodies, I choose only such as have intrinsic musical value, but should people request me to play some trashy piece, even if popular, which sometimes happens, I simply refuse to comply; but I never refuse to play a familiar popular melody, if good. Let me further explain myself: The domain of Art is infinite. It may have a beginning, but most certainly has no end. It is infinite, and the best an artist

can do is to be meek. In that vast domain of musical literature are, of course, included the national airs and dancing tunes of all countries and nations, civilized, semi-civilized, and barbarous. The richest nations in this respect are the Spanish, Scotch, Irish, English, German, Scandinavian, and Hungarian. The popular melodies and dance tunes of these nations are marvellously abundant. Some of the composers of these remarkable melodies are known, but by far the greater part of them are devoid of known parentage. But what of that? They belong to the nation. We may not know who planted a flower; the seed fell into the ground and lo! we behold a beautiful object with its exquisite fragrance. We view with delight the splendid oak. Who planted it? It does not matter. We see a graceful and majestic palm. Where does it come from? We do not know. And so it is mostly with the popular national melodies and dance tunes; they grow, so to speak, and we musicians rejoice in them. We hear and discriminate their beauties. The people who know them almost as well as their mother-tongue, and love them intuitively, fail to give them (because of their familiarity) the importance they so richly deserve, constituting, as they really do, one of the brightest ornaments and most faithful expressions of their nationality and characteristic individuality. But, as discriminating power is not given to everybody, all these airs are generally dumped into the

same basket, good and bad together. Now, as there is bad, good, and magnificent literature; bad, good, and magnificent painting, and so forth, in every branch of art, so there are mediocre and absolutely bad popular melodies; and then, again, there are good, fine, grand, and even sublime ones.

"I repeat, the composers, especially of the old ones are unknown. They were probably composed in a moment of inspiration. Let me name at random a few of the most perfect gems to be found among the Scotch national airs, known to almost everybody. 'Auld Lang Syne'— a dear old song, without which friendly gatherings among English-speaking people all over the globe would lose much of their charm. How frank and straightforward is its flowing melody! 'Ye Banks and Braes'— how it fascinates us with its exquisitely smooth and lyric strains! 'Auld Robin Grey,' a melody worthy of Beethoven; 'Scots, Wha Hae,' with its rugged and solemn antique grandeur; 'Charlie is my Darling,' with its spirit-stirring jollity; 'The Campbells are Coming,' with its savage clannish majesty; 'John Anderson, my Jo,' evidently an old Gregorian melody, simple, gloomy, and grand. I could name many others, perfect ones too, Scotch, Irish, and English, and of other nations. All of these melodies I have named have absolute, intrinsic, musical value; they are perfect gems,— in reality, tuneful poems. 'The Last Rose of Summer,' with its melancholy,

fragrant sweetness; 'Silent, O Moyle,' with its inconsolable sadness; 'The Harp that Once through Tara's Halls,' which tells so much of bygone glory; and others, and again others, are all magnificent melodic pearls which Erin can wear, with pride, in her diadem.

"Then, again, those innumerable gay, half-merry, half-sad, sturdy and jolly tunes in Papa Bull's song-halls! What beautiful strains we possess in his glees, madrigals, merry songs, and jolly, jolly hornpipes! Don't laugh — those hornpipe dancing tunes are very fine, a thousand times finer and better than thousands of pale-faced uncharacteristic compositions of our own day. What wealth you possess in those melodic mines! Let me name the English national anthem, 'God Save the Queen' (or King). Has not its strain the simple simplicity (excuse this pleonasm), the grandeur of a Doric temple? They say it was composed by a Dr. Bull. Maybe; but nobody knows exactly who was the composer of this air; yet how admirably it expresses English loyalty (permit me to express it thus); it adapts itself wonderfully to John Bullism. You may wonder at my mentioning so many national tunes. I omitted to mention the *terribly* popular 'Home, Sweet Home.' I did it on purpose; which is, that it is not a national melody at all. It is an importation, and not a happy one either. It is not English, not American, though the words were written by

Payne, an American. The music to Payne's words was adapted by Sir Henry Bishop, but never composed by him. It is an old, very mediocre Sicilian air, and was first sung, I believe, in 1839 or thereabouts, in an opera called 'The Maid of Milan,' in London. The prima donna who sang it first must have sung it very well, and must have been very beautiful, to have been able to nationalize into English this by no means brilliant Sicilian melodic importation. But, of course, the words helped to make the melody go down, just as the good sauce does the bad fish; and, as I said before, people are not always happily discriminating in art matters; so it remains, nevertheless, a very mediocre musical utterance. I hope you will not kill me for daring to destroy its undeserved halo. You can be sure I never play it, but what of that? You can boast of a host of other popular melodies; you do not need this one. Give me those unbiassed magnificent English, Scotch, and Irish musical gems, and I am their fervent admirer. What is the 'Marseillaise" but a God-inspired melodic flash, begotten in a moment of exalted patriotic frenzy? It could never have been composed and conceived in a normal time — never. Rouget de l'Isle, its composer, was a very middling musician and a tolerably bad poet; still, he wrote both the music and words of this heroic strain. About thirty-two years after, in a time of political calm, he composed another French

anthem — fortunately for his fame but little known, for this anthem is just as bad as the 'Marseillaise' is absolutely sublime and grand. And what shall I say about our own Hungarian march, the march of marches — the 'Racokzy March'? The composer of this is also unknown, and hence I suppose it was expressly composed for the Hungarians by an archangel, in a heavenly leisure hour, and sent down by some mysterious agency in order that they might have a celestial grand martial strain for any emergency; and, I assure you, it fits admirably to the Hungarian idea of fervent patriotism. The archangel composer in the heavenly spheres ought to have had the great gold medal for having bestowed upon the Hungarians such a heroic strain. (I wonder if they wear gold medals there, where King David seems to be the musical director.)"

Now for parenthesis. Hardly had I finished my eulogy upon our own Hungarian national march, "The March of Racokzy," when my gentleman friend surprised me by asking if the "Carnival of Venice" is really a popular tune, and if it had any musical value. My reply was: "Most certainly, the tune itself is a popular melody, and a good one too; but what on earth it has got to do with Venice is more than I can tell you. First, the melody is about two hundred years old; then it is not Venetian at all, but a Neapolitan canzonetta, 'O Cara Mannina Mia.' Its melody was, I believe, varied by

Locatelli, a great Italian violin virtuoso, before Paganini, who also wrote variations upon it. So did Ernst and many others; and you may amuse yourself, my friend, making two billion variations, if you like,— there is no limit to its possibilities. But will the variations be good, that is the question. If good, good; if bad, bad. But the melody is certainly a good one and adapts itself admirably to variations, having only two chords in it, which two chords alternate with imperturbable regularity on the tonica and the dominante. I myself play it very often, but I must tell you at once that I never yet wrote down a single one of my variations. I always improvise them before the audience, never playing them twice alike, and before commencing to play, generally commend myself to the good will and charity of some musical guardian angel not to leave me in the lurch."

After this digression, let me resume my remarks upon popular melodies. Great masters also treated and developed them in their immortal works. What is Chopin's music but the very quintessence of his own Polish national feeling, in which his whole grand musical soul tells us so eloquently of the sufferings of his dearly beloved Poland? And what is Schubert's music but the Olympian and Elysian expression of the sublime folk-song? Schumann, in his imperishable compositions, is but the

highest expression of his aphoristic, philosophic, and lyric German heart and soul. Weber's immortal "Freischütz" is but a gigantic national Teutonic outpouring of his musically lyric soul. One of Mendelssohn's very best inspirations is a veritable *Volkslied* in his "Lieder ohne Worte." Haydn harmonized a great many Scotch melodies; and is he not the composer of the wonderful Austrian national hymn? Had he composed nothing but this melody, he would have a claim to immortality.

I could quote many more examples among the great tone-masters to corroborate my statements.

Take French musical literature: Are Auber, Hérold, Méhul, Boieldieu, and Gounod in his "Faust," anything but transcendental musical expressions of their nationality? Or among the Italians, Carissimi, Monteverde, Leo, Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, Verdi, and others,— are they not the national expression of their Latin race? And Glinka,— the Russian composer, is he not the *vox populi* of his own nation? And so on *ad infinitum.* But permit me to name one more — Beethoven, the Shakespeare of music! Did not he, this musical Jupiter, treat and develop Russian popular airs and dance music in his wonderful string quartettes (opus 59)? And what are, after all, the themes in his great symphonies but the heaven-born folk-songs of his deeply feeling big heart? Did n't he say himself that he felt only with the people and through

the people, and did he not give the highest, the very highest, artistic expression possible to those feelings, just as Michel Angelo did in his imperishable works? What name shall we give the andante movement in the Seventh Symphony, and to the Choral Fantasia, written for piano, chorus, and orchestra? What is the last allegro in the Fifth Symphony but a popular heavenly outburst of the most exalted triumph,— a theme as simple as it is grand,— in fact, which could not be simpler? All is expressed and magnificently built up upon the two most elementary chords — the tonica and dominante. And what is the last melody in the Finale of the Ninth Symphony, this crowning glory in musical literature, but, as I said before, the heaven-born folk-songs of his deep, grand soul? It is nothing else, and that is enough. But how does the great master treat and develop his folk-song, that is the question. The artist must know how to set a jewel; he must know how to enhance its beauties a thousand-fold. In one word, he must be an artist, and must know his art thoroughly. Yes, in the treatment and artistic development of a subject lies the secret, *Forma dat esse rei.* As an instance, let me mention your own Shakespeare, who, to me, is a greater wonder than even the Himalaya Mountains. He, in " Othello " lays down the nucleus of his powerful drama in these seemingly insignificant few lines:

Senator. Adieu, brave Moor! use Desdemona well.

Brabantio. Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see.
She has deceived her father, and may thee.
Othello. My life upon her faith! Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee.

This is all. This is his folk-song. But how does the great giant poet treat and develop this seemingly simple thesis? It is very simple. He does it with such a master-spirit that it baffles description. It can be read, heard, felt, and admired, but hardly described. A complete physiological and psychological analysis would be required to give an adequate idea of his treatment of this simple theme. Volumes could be written on this one drama of the immortal bard, and have been. Let me continue. When one artist, who knows what he is about, takes up a worthy popular national melody, he must show his appreciation of the gem he intends to set, by doing it conscientiously and artistically. If such melody is purely national, he must now lose sight of its redundant national fragrance, and at the same time must be able not to lose touch with the people. It must not be a mixture composition. It must not be as if I said: "*Voulez-vous*, my dear sir, *mir un biochiero di aqua gebuc?*" You will admit it would be much more sensible to say, simply, "My dear sir, will you give me a glass of water?"

Before finishing I must yet say a few things to complete the argument. People very often excuse these wonderful melodies, and say to me, "You

know, it is only a simple air." Yes, I know; but you may as well excuse a tiny flower on the ground of its being a flower, or a beautiful woman on the ground of her being a woman. And further, you must know that Schubert, Mozart, and Beethoven never wrote any but simple melodies when they wrote melodies at all. You must never lose sight of this simple statement, and keep this eternal truth continually in mind.

Again, some people insult these melodies by calling them "pretty." This word is really an outrage, applied to these gems. A ballad or any other song without special or intrinsic value or individual character, written without any idea whatsoever,— in fact, a compilation and not a composition,— those ballads written by thousands of pale-faced or rosy-cheeked fashionable composers, may be called "pretty," I do not care, but not these imperishable melodies! No, never! They are grand, and only this word well expresses their value — grand in their simplicity. Therefore, for heaven's sake, my dear friend, do not excuse these simple national melodies. They need no excuses — all they need is admiration, which they so well deserve. Take my word for it, they are a much greater and imperishable treasure to a nation than even its national wealth. Banks can, and do, and will, fail, but these transcendent melodies will never fail, never die.

Remember what it was that remained of the

Greeks and Romans and other fallen nations. Was it not their art, literature, and philosophy? These treasures still exist, whereas all the rest is gone, gone, gone!

Forewarned, forearmed; and, my friend, you are forewarned by me against using such an inappropriate expression as "*condescending* to play such tunes." On the contrary, I honor myself by playing these melodies when I choose to do so, and by ascending with them *ad astra* as high as I can! *Dixi et salvavi animam meam.*

III

HINDU MUSIC

WHILE on the subject of music, it may interest the music-loving reader, and also show my impartiality, to read an article which I wrote for the Calcutta *Daily Englishman.* It was about Hindu music, and I wrote two or three times on this most interesting subject. This will suffice to give an insight into what I had to say, and I am quite willing to acknowledge the beautiful whenever good fortune brings me in contact with it, and however strange it may seem to my previous European notions. I give the extract in full from the *Daily Englishman:*

"We have received from M. Remenyi, the eminent Hungarian violinist, an account of a visit to the Bengal Academy of Music, which will be read with special interest by all who have given any attention to what Sir William Ivens calls 'the Musical Modes of the Hindus.' It is surprising how little has been added to our knowledge of Gaudhama-Veda since Captain Willard published his treatise on the music of Hindustan, in the viceroyalty of Lord W. Bentinck. Doubtless much has been

written on Hindu music in the interval. The Maharajah Lorindro Mohun Tagore has placed the literature of the subject before the world in a series of works of permanent value, and has devoted his time and fortune to the establishment of the conservatory with which his name will always be identified. But the alleged beauty and value of the art are about as far removed as ever from a general recognition among Europeans. It is known that the system of notation introduced into European music by Guido d'Arezzo early in the eleventh century came originally from India, and is upwards of two thousand years old; that we have here preserved in a living state some of the archaic musical forms of Greece; and that there was an Augustan age of Hindu music prior to the time of the Mohammedan dynasties. But when it comes to actual appreciation of famous Hindu melodies, the European student is at a loss.

"All the sympathy and appreciation which have been bestowed upon the art of men like Bosanquet, Carl Engel, Dr. Burnell, and Isaac Rice, the pianist, do not help us here. To be honest, Hindu music is not music to the ordinary European ear, and we utterly fail to enter into the enjoyment of the Hindu audience, even while we can speak with deference of the antiquity of the art and the elaboration of the system upon which it is founded. This, we believe, is the popular view, fairly stated, and it is

now possible to see how far this uncultured opinion is wide of the mark. We have long waited for the critical opinion of a skilled musician, who was also a musical authority, and that opinion we now have received. But we must leave M. Remenyi to describe in his own words what he saw and heard at the Conservatory of Music. M. Remenyi says:

"'To begin with, it must be understood that I have no idea of gushing in what I have to say, although I shall have to write in terms of admiration. To deal fully with Hindu music would require volumes, but I must here content myself with giving my unbiassed opinion, as a musician and student of music, on the subject, as far as it is yet known to me. And I must, in the first place, bear my humble testimony to the value of the work that is being done by the Rajah Lorindro Mohun Tagore, the resuscitator of a nearly lost art,— for art it undoubtedly is, and a very fine art, too. This I say to those who may think there is no such thing as Hindu music. Arriving in India, and eagerly asking for such music, I constantly heard of only two melodies, "Taza-be-Taza," and "Hili-mili-Pania." I say at once that, hearing them, I did not go into raptures about their beauty, nor believe in their very questionable — musically questionable — Eastern origin. Both of these melodies have a smack of Belati (European) flavor and savor. Besides, each person who sang them to me, sang them entirely

different, and so I had to give up all hope of ever correctly knowing those two Hindu tunes. At first, it seemed to me that this was *tout le bagage musicale* that I was to gather during my short stay in India. But, fortunately for me, I received a few days ago, a pressing invitation from the Rajah Lorindro to pay him a visit and hear some real ancient Hindu music. This was indeed welcome! I did not even inquire if he spoke English,—which he does well,— knowing that if he was a real musician we should understand each other, with pen in hand and some music-paper at our disposal. And I did use music-paper and pen, but only to illustrate musically, and, of course, entirely after our own European musical system, the highly interesting conversation I had with the learned Rajah. But the music! There could be no doubt about that! Music it was, and delightful it was to listen to all those melodies, entirely new to me — a melodic and rhythmical revelation. Arriving at the Rajah's residence, I saw, besides a multitude of servants and others, a native sentry with musket on his shoulder, and clad entirely in the uniform of a British soldier. This did not savor much of musical learning. I was announced to the Rajah, and in a few moments was shown into the interior. Reaching the first floor, I immediately saw a gentleman in a small room, sitting at a writing-table. It was the Rajah, and he greeted me in the most friendly manner. He is the very personification of inborn

politeness and affability, and as I soon saw was a scholar, and thoroughly in earnest about Hindu music.

"'We musicians have but one language all over the world, and that the language of intervals — musical sounds which bear such and such proportion to each other; and that is the reason why musicians — I mean theorists — understand each other, irrespective of spoken language.

"'During the conversation, a fine-looking young man stepped in, and the Rajah introduced him as his son, Pramod Kumar Tagore. On my right was a small room, where a few native gentlemen sat on the floor, examining musical instruments. Behind the Rajah was a big glass case full of Japanese instruments, a present from the Mikado. To my left, on an antique bench was seated a very intelligent looking middle-aged man, in strictly Hindu attire. This gentleman, who was introduced to me as Babu Kali Prasanna Banerjie (Master of Music), looked more like a Hungarian — that is, a countryman of mine — than a Bengali. He spoke English fluently, as did also the son of the Rajah. The Rajah played upon a kind of hybrid Hindu setar. Kali Prasanna Banerjie had a genuine Hindu setar in his hands, as long in shape as the one which the goddess of Hindu music and learning, Saraswati, is represented as holding. It seemed to me, also, that this legendary Hindu goddess spread her protecting

wings over the heads of the two musicians while executing their rhapsody. I was simply charmed, and gave free expression to my pleasure. I listened with the greatest pleasure and attention to this genuine music, — music untouched by foreign influence,— and everything became perfectly clear and intelligible to me.

"'So true it is in art, that the highest is always the simplest. Goethe is right in saying, "Poor art no one can understand; good true art, and all can understand well."

"'The duet went on for about a quarter of an hour, and I could discern with perfect clearness all the intervals which we find in our music, and also in the old Grecian gamuts, the Lydian, Phrygian, Doric, and others. There was also the plaintive special scale, with its augmented fourth, ascending and descending.

"'The melodies sounded to me as clear and as intelligible as any of our own Hungarian melodies, known to me since childhood.

"'The Rajah played the principal part, and he played like a consummate master of his art. Babu Kali Prasanna Banerjie accompanied him like a superb virtuoso, and I guessed at once that he was improvising in his accompaniments the most intricate counterpoint — yes, counterpoint, and good counterpoint it was. There was no mistake about that. And thus to my utter amazement I discovered

during their fine performance that Hindu music is founded absolutely on the same basis as our own European music, which, by the way, came also from the East. It is founded on the tonica, subdominante, and dominante chords. I noted down the most striking features of the music and my notes were found perfectly correct by the Rajah. After this an incident of a very interesting character occurred. I wanted to express musically my gratitude to the Rajah for his kindness, and I begged his son to dictate to me, at random, *four intervals*. He did not catch my idea at first, but a word or two put us right, and he dictated to me four intervals just as they occurred to him. Upon those four notes I composed and wrote down a strictly correct Hungarian melody, which the Rajah and his son read and sang perfectly. Now, this was not only an acknowledgment, on my part, of the kind reception they had accorded me, but also — how shall I say it?— a kind of musical trap. In short, I wanted to see if the Rajah or his son could musically communicate this improvised Hungarian melody to Babu Kali Prasanna Banerjie, and to my delight and surprise the Rajah copied my five-line written melody, with all its rhythmical interpunctuation, *on one line*, with a kind of abracadabra hieroglyphics, and then Babu Kali played my Hungarian air at once, and correctly. My musical trap did not succeed.

"'Now, to sum up all this, what do I mean to affirm? I would affirm, first, that our music comes from the East; secondly, that the Hindu music in its present state is just where our music was in the fifteenth century, when the genius of a Palestrina flashed in and put order into the Gregorian Modes which had come from the East. Palestrina is the veritable founder of our own European music, which was developed up to the eighteenth century with such wonderful progression, until at last the seeds which Palestrina planted have grown into a luxuriant forest. To drop the metaphor: We find music represented in the eighteenth century by the genius of a Sebastian Bach; and a little later we come to Beethoven, our musical Jupiter. Now, I arrive at this simple conclusion. There is, when all is said, only an interval of some four centuries between Palestrina and Beethoven, a short period for such a development; and may not, then, a Hindu Palestrina come to the rescue of the ancient art of his country? From the simple Gregorian chant we pass to the wonderful polyphonic beauties of Beethoven's symphonies, and may not the beautiful melodies of India be the beginning of a new art departure? The good seed is here, the good soil is here, and all it wants is the care of the cultivator. The good Rajah Lorindro is the prophet of this, for us, new art. I hope with all my heart that followers will flock to his banner

and take care not to undervalue the importance of his highly interesting musical movement.

"'A last word: Some people, not musicians, of course, said to me that all this music is only an invention of recent date. Now, I vouch for it with all my musical soul and all my modest knowledge, that this is not so.

"'But what if it were? Everything in art has had a humble beginning, and if you would show me that this music was the creation of yesterday, it would not affect my opinion of its genuine intrinsic value. Criticism of this kind would cut at the foundation of all art. If this spirit had been allowed to tyrannize over men, there would have been an end of all art, and the world would never have known a Beethoven, a Gluck, a Mozart, a Haydn, a Bach, a Chopin.

"'Has musical genius been given only to one or other of the nations? No! Genius is a law to itself, and is confined to no nation or country. In conclusion, I have only to express my sincere thanks to the Rajah for the musical revelation with which he delighted me, and which I am sure will yet delight many a musical scholar in critical Europe.'"

IV

AMERICAN VERSUS EUROPEAN CIVILIZATION*

I DO not know if my letters are intensely interesting, as you kindly state in your letter, but I know that I have a " bone to pick " with you;—this is what I call gratitude with a vengeance. You dare to write in your letter: " We can only hope that by the time we return again to earth, say fifteen thousand years hence, the American people may have caught up with the people of Europe of three hundred years ago." Now, how do you dare to speak thusly and so disparagingly about the Americans? Don't you know yet that I am more of a Yankee, and in certain cases even a " Sah" of the South, than are all the Americans put together? I have enough American patriotism in me to counterbalance easily the rest of the seventy-four million Americans put together, and my patriotism is of a reasoning and a logical sort, barring the sentimental part of it altogether. First, I like Beethoven, Michael Angelo, and Shakespeare because they are not only immensely broad, pyramidal and Himalayan in their own (chosen art) expression,

* *This and the following extracts are mainly from Remenyi's correspondence.*—EDR.

but because they surmise even more than their dramatic, sculptural, and musical expressions seem to contain. So this America, and the Americans in America, is a nation of all possibilities, which we are not any more in the Old Country. We are *passé;* we are obliged to put on *poudre* and *rouge* to keep up a seeming youth which is not ours any more; we live in the present upon the glory of our not always glorious past, whereas, with you Americans, you constituted yourselves into a commonwealth and into a nation under much more soothing, civilizing possibilities. Your fathers are the Washingtons, the Tom Paines, the Jeffersons, the Hamiltons, the Jacksons, the Minute Men, the profoundly patriotic Patrick Henrys, not to mention other constellations, whereas our civilization emerged from absolute darkness. Europe was base enough to let the Pericles most glorious period submerge into the most base Byzantinism, and waddled in fanatic jerks and jumps through useless crusades and most gloomy and guttery ignorance into the Dark Ages, from which dark ages a Dante was the first beacon-light which followed the brilliant torch of the highly civilized Moor. Then science was forced down the throat of ignorant Christian Europe by the Moslem Moor. The sublimely sublime works of art of the Moors were then destroyed piecemeal by the Christians in Spain, who also destroyed their unique and fine architectural monuments and annihilated their

scientific academies. Poor, stupid, superannuated, degenerated Spain has to thank the Moors for the few high schools, academies, and universities which she still can boast. How every bad action comes back with a vengeance to the originator! Every educated and unprejudiced Spaniard must feel the consequences of the unheard-of crimes of the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries, and Spain's idiotic colonial policy.

We emerged from such civilization, whereas your civilization emerged (fortunately for you) from a very magnificent school of philosophy, the philosophy of the eighteenth century, which, because of prejudices, could not be realized in Europe, whereas you made the most of it here.

Now to return, after this long awful yarn, why have I a " bone to pick " with you? It is because you dare to put fifteen thousand years to arrive and to catch up with the European peoples where they were three hundred years ago! Not much!

P. S. I don't know if I did forget in my to-day's letter, to say that afterwards Christian Europe came down to the most brutish ignorance. The Moslem Moors were obliged to force their fine science and civilization with the Moorish spear, and this happened in the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries, and the Christian civilized people, especially the Spaniards, murdered them or drove them away. How piteously a proud, stupidly proud, nation pays the

penalty of its overbearingness when it was seemingly in good luck! And how idiotically do the Spaniards behave to the very end of the chapter in their Cuban policy! A chicken ought to have more sense than they show. But pride always precedes the fall.

V

ITALY AND THE GOLDEN ERA OF THE RENAISSANCE

WITH the impressions I received in my travellings during these three weeks, the thoughts I gathered in my poor brain during this time, and the lovely, lovely, lovely country I went through in New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio,—I say with those impressions I could fill volumes to the utter discomfiture of humanity in general and you in particular! But I will do no such thing. I will give simply my loving duty of weekly instalment, and try to be as simple and unostentatious as possible. Some benighted epochs, eras, in certain countries, almost have epidemics in begetting geniuses. Take, for an illustration, the Italian blessed epidemic which began in the thirteenth century with Dante, Cimabue, and Fra Andrea; and what an outcome from these three workers! They worked almost day and night, and through their work what a Milky Way of artistical blessing they left to poor ungrateful humanity!

Just think of it! The whole Italian peninsula, not mentioning its innumerable museums and churches replete with masterpieces, is full of artistic

inspiration. Each separate town is an architectural revelation of its own. Pisa does not resemble Venice. Venice does not resemble Rome, Rome does not look like Florence, neither do Genoa, Urbina, Ferrara, Pesaro, Sienna, Rimini, Verona, Modena, Cremona, Bergamo, Palermo, Brescia, or Naples look like any other city. In fact, the smallest village has its very own physiognomy, and is filled, privately and publicly, with artistic revelations. In fact, from Trentino in Tyrol down almost to Africa (Girgenti) everything is a "thing of beauty and a joy forever." And this is not all! Not only have the Italians shown their own country what real, undefiled, honestly felt and begotten Art is and means, but, look all over the world, all the museums are full of their works!

If the present degenerated Italian population were nothing but cut-throats, thieves, murderers, and so forth, I would absolve them from their crimes as being the lineal descendants of Romans, Etrurians, Greeks, and Tuscans. I almost regret that Rembrandt, Dürer, Gerard Douw, Franz Hals, Van Dyck, and Rubens do not belong to the Italians.

Now isn't it almost blinding for a man of keen appreciation to behold such a pageantry of geniuses? For a man who feels their conception, their art, a thousand lives would not suffice to appreciate and to know them fully. If I were a young man, my highest and keenest delight would be to travel with one like you and to explain and to be his cicerone,

through the glorious peninsula; but such halcyon days are out of question!

Now, to touch a touchy question, I wonder what such a man as Ghiberti or Michael Angelo or the divine architects who conceived the Doge Palace, the St. Marcus Church, the Cathedrals of Milan and Certosa, ... what would those divine architects say to a five or ten million dollar monstrous monstrosity like some of the palaces in New York? They would say that the architects had plenty of money, splendid materials, magnificent engineering and machines, fine conception of almost heavenly comfort, but devilishly poor architectural ideas, and the more's the pity. Such monstrous landmarks are going to stay almost for ages.

VI

ARCHITECTURE PAST AND PRESENT

THE Riverside Drive in New York is glorious and a most comfortable sight; but, pardon me, I like better the dirtiest unobserved corner of Venice in its full decay, than all the boulevards here in the new country and over there in the old country. There is more genuine artistic inspiration and heavenly dirt (pardon the expression) in a few feet of a *calle* (street) in Venice, than there is in a hundred miles of the boulevards of New York, Berlin, or Vienna, in the Esbekieh in Cairo, in the Nevsky Prospect in St. Petersburg, or even in Paris.

I cannot help myself, but in all those fine and broad thoroughfares of the above-named capitals, I see always the architects, the surveyors, the engineers, the contractors, who will and can do the job for so much money; and if they can get a few more millions, well, they can add so much more precious marble, that is all. But artistic inspiration?

Even in a building like the Paris Opera House, which cost sixty-four million francs, there is absolutely nothing really and artistically grand, except the fine and superbly designed staircase. That is

a conception, and that is all. I could show you in Paris unpretentious palaces and buildings which cost a half-million of francs, and they are artistic conceptions. Just like some newly written and magnificently worked out symphonies by the new masters: they are fine as workmanship, nay, they may be even called magnificent, but one mother-idea of eight bars of the " Sinfonia Eroica," or the Seventh Symphony, or the Ninth, of Beethoven, overshadows them all, as the pyramid of Cheops overshadows the billions of sand-cones in the Egyptian desert. At sunset you see the pyramid, but you don't see the sand-cones.

Speaking of pretentious modern buildings which are masterly and horrid abortions, commend me to the State-house at Albany, New York. There is a building for you with the most stupid and bloated pretensions. An appropriation was made years ago by both Houses to build a new fine State-house to cost, I believe, three to four millions. It has cost now more than sixteen millions. Some of its parts begin to decay, and, although seemingly magnificent, it smells of its contractor, its boodle, and its aimless, stupid arrogance.

VII

GREEK AND JAPANESE ART

IN my estimation there are only two peoples who *were* and *are* organically and supremely artistic in all their notions. The one was the Greek, with the adjacent nations under its influence, and they became degraded after the loftiest era of Pericles — an era supremely artistic and at the same time wholesome, entire, establishing by sheer genius absolute laws of the beautiful. They degraded themselves through politics and intestinal strifes, foolish demagogy, into the lowest Byzantinism, which went down and down to the most degrading ignorance of the Dark Ages, only to be lifted up again by one man, aided by a few monks — Dante d'Alighieri. Of course the Moors had a great deal to do with it. So it is with Japan of the wonderful era of the *Hiochys* and the constellation of wonderful *Asiatic* artists until almost down to the nineteenth century. Then came the Artistic Misfortune (maybe even the political) of opening the country by Perry. Since then its *Asiatic* and absolutely organic art goes down the grade with electric quickness, until nothing remains of its manifold and beautiful art but the shoddy and

its absolute cleverness and its commercial vogue and affectation.* All this is still very, very clever, cleverer than anything *we* (the boasting civilized ones) can do. But cleverness is not genius; only unbiassed and unconscious workmanship is Genius. Between cleverness and genius the difference is as great as the useful charmingness of a bee and the seeming similarity of the odious and horrible wasp.

**Remenyi's keen observation is confirmed by the commercialism of much of the Japanese art as shown in the Louisiana Purchase Exposition in 1904.*—EDR.

VIII

PREDICTION OF THE FUTURE OF THE UNITED STATES

MY love and patriotism for America and Americans does not consist in sempiternal praise through thick and thin. On the contrary, I can and will find fault there where the fault is to be found; but I can afford to do so because I do not do it without cause, and my thorough and deep American patriotism gives me entire liberty to see all things in their proper light. Besides, this is a wonderfully broad and grand country, and because you have to pass hundreds of miles through sage-brush and nothing else, this does not prevent you from driving, walking, steaming, wheeling, railroading, riding through thousands of miles of as fair countries and as beautiful scenery as the Hesperides gardens of old mythical or mystic lore. Besides, I am sure when the practical laws of sound irrigation will be economically discovered and applied, those dreary and almost interminable sage-brush deserts will be turned, through American genius, into fertile fields. You can see already where deserts have been turned into paradise in some of the sage-brush parts of California,

whereas, you can see in many southern parts of the United States vast countries not blessed with sage-brush but splendid fields utterly neglected. By-and-by, all that will be utilized to give happy homes to one hundred and fifty millions of people who will inhabit this benighted country about twenty-five years hence, because Europe and even Africa will send their surplus or adventurous or happy home-seeking people to the United States; and (don't frown!) the more they come the happier and grander this country will become. Canada, Cuba, Mexico, will belong to it later, and the whole southern continent of America. You, you, the present composite Americans, are the people who will assimilate the Northern Gaul, the Anglo-Saxon, the Irish and Scotch of Canada, and the Spanish-Indian peoples of South America, whether you want to do so or not. *It is your fate*, Monroe or no Monroe — (*il n'y a pas de* Monroe *qui y tient*, as the old French saying has it); that is, there is no Monroe who can stand in the way. It 's got to be.

I will describe a legend of mine, which I made up in Winchester, Virginia, last Thursday. I found, with the aid of my intelligent German cicerone, the little stone, awfully unpretentious house wherein dwelt a good sound engineer, who had to make a plan for a town, which is now Winchester. The engineer-surveyor was a young man, named George Washington, and the big, big lord who gave him his orders as a British high official went by the name of

Lord Fairfax. This Lord Fairfax had a fine palatial residence as Governor (which is now used as a school), and this subaltern officer, George Washington, had a horrid little stone shanty to dwell in. To give you an idea what kind of an abode Washington's residence was, it will suffice if I tell you it looks very much like those Irish tenement residences in some of the upper parts of New York. Such is the house of George Washington, and Lord Fairfax's residence is even to this day a palace. Now, if a Remenyi of that time, for his fiddling capacity, had been invited to Lord Fairfax's dinner (with fine silver service), that Remenyi would have risen up and uttered the following toast to Lord Fairfax and the rest of the illustrious guests:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I met to-day a young man named George Washington, whom the noble host of this palace employs as a surveyor. Ladies and gentlemen, this afore-mentioned George Washington will make war on you, will vanquish you, and will be the first president of a big commonwealth, and will be called the 'Father of his Country'; whereas you, my dear Lord Fairfax, you will be utterly forgotten — or if possibly remembered, it will only be through George Washington."

Well, this aforesaid Remenyi would have been kicked out with alacrity and speediness, and would have been declared a lunatic, fit to be put into a strait-jacket! Nevertheless, I should have been all right, shouldn't I? That is my legend.

IX

LOVE OF NATURAL SCENERY*

I COULD go on *ad infinitum*, but will mention only Newcastle, Sharon, Oil City, Meadville, Greenville, all in Pennsylvania; and New Brighton, Rochester, East Liverpool, Steubenville, all in your own bloomingly blessed "Buckeye State," and Wheeling, West Virginia. Those cities are one and all situated in the midst of a heavenly lovely country, good enough to be inhabited by angels (I fear the present inhabitants are not all angels). How many Americans of the seventy-four millions go into ecstasy as I do, in running through those lovable and idyllic valleys and gracefully shaped hills with their most harmoniously blended thousand-fold colors of your Indian summer foliage! A Rousseau, a Dupré, could have painted in these valleys for fifteen thousand years and would only have been at the very beginning, just as Calame could have gorged his unquenchable thirst for glorious wild rocks and Alpine grandeur in Colorado, New Mexico, and in some parts of Arizona for ages.

[Again, writing from Washington, D. C., October

**Written from Wheeling, West Virginia.*—EDR.

17, 1897, Remenyi says:] Really, it is a good thing that my poor eyes are so well fitted and placed in their respective tabernacles, because, if they were not, they would leave their dwelling-places quick, like a shot. Besides, all this wondrous country, lighted by such a glorious autumn sun, which did pour its myriads of rays with such prodigal prodigality all the time, morning, noon, until sunset, that it was an eye-feast good enough for a legion of archangels. And all that magnificent show was given without any entrance-fee; and that is the reason that so many millions of deadheads don't look at those marvellous marvels, whereas they applaud like madmen when they see a moon made out of cardboard and lighted up with calcium lights and scenery painted with untruthful colors, overdone,—those things are applauded to the sky (of the theatre), but a piece of glorious natural scenery is enjoyed only by a very few.

X

GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO

TO-DAY I send you a most important interview with Gabriele d'Annunzio, the foremost literary young man of Italy, if not of the world. This literary manifestation, I may say almost revelation, of this young giant, is simply a masterpiece of masterpieces; it is worthy to be put away, all haloed, into a golden shrine, because it contains more to the line than other good literary works to the volume. It is an absolute revelation, a new leaf in literature, although old as the oldest hills, but still new, because so few in many centuries contemplate matters in such heavenly, haloed, truthful, beautiful, glowing light. Read it, please, with great, great attention, and when you have read it, read it again. It will teach you more than volumes of the very best literature. But, pray, most worthy sire (Remenyi), why have I to be proud for this, these superb ideas of this immortal interview? Why? Because my letter, written without any ostentation to a friend privately, without aiming at effect, has great similarity of ideas, although expressed quite differently. Read again my Wheeling letter, if it was not thrown into the

waste-basket, and you will find that my thoughts run in the same direction; and mind, if I had supposed that my ideas run somewhat originally, and it had been intended for publicity, I would have been more careful—although aiming at effect is defect. Anyhow, I will be proud for five minutes, and then I will put on again sackcloth of meekness, and throw ashes on my bald head. Please keep this interview of D'Annunzio, because I intend to analyze it with you.

XI

FATHER NIAGARA

I WRITE you these few lines to let you know that I am overpowered by the *basso profondo* of Father Niagara. . . . This great old man does not bargain, neither with his grandeur, nor of his beauty, nor of his eternal eternity (*limited* all the same). In short, Papa Niagara does his duty, and he has rendered me happy, yesterday and to-day. In front of my windows there are the Rapids and the brilliant sprays to rejoice my eyes; I am in ecstasy, and I played yesterday at the concert like ten thousand bricks. I did not recognize myself, and that is all due to Father Niagara. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever"—that's what Father Niagara whispers into my ears.

XII

AN ESSAY ON BACH*

If you want music for your own and music's sake, look up to Bach.

If you want music which is as absolutely full of meaning as an egg is full of meat, look up to Bach.

If you want rhythm, melody, harmony, and counterpoint dropping down on you as easily as a tepid summer rain, look up to Bach.

If you want absolute music without any deviation from the sublime line of beauty, and without any void, look up to Bach.

If you want heavenly music sent down to Mother Earth, look up to Bach.

If you want four and five part writings with as much ease as four or five angels ethereally breathing, look up to Bach.

If you want drama, if you want tragedy, comedy, sublime farce, jollity, humor, look up to Bach. He had the absolute gamut of every human feeling, with the exception of satire, which has no heavenly attribute.

* *Written in an observation car on the way from Telluride, Colorado, to Rica under the impulse of the moment.*

If you want to hear how they will or may sing in the seventh heaven, listen to his Passion music.

If you want to hear a fugue written with the care and naturalness of a legerdemain from the celestial abode, look up to Bach.

If you want to hear the endless melody, look up to Bach.

If you want to hear a concert such as might be ordered by the Lord in high heaven, the leader of that orchestra is sure to be John Sebastian Bach.

If you want to hear so-called Catholic music or so-called Protestant music, look up to Bach.

If you want to discover all the genuis music might possess, look up to Bach.

If you want absolute beauty, and all that beauty may suggest, look up to Bach.

If you want to know who is the embodiment of a musical archangel, point to Sebastian Bach, and the billions of cherubs and seraphs will nod to you, and the good Lord will give His consent.

Children of tender age, who learn music, and after having acquired the necessary and elementary rudiments, and after having somehow learned how to play the scales pretty smoothly, ought to be put at once to play the two-voiced pieces so wonderfully full of jollity and pure invention by Sebastian Bach. A child put to such a task in a playful way, and endowed with a little talent, would make astonishing progress, and thus save a great deal of precious time

and unnecessary trouble in after life, and would be thus endowed, through studying Bach in his tender age, with an almost unerring judgment in music; and, especially, such a musical child would never say in after life, "This is a good piece for an encore," and "It takes with the public," and such encore pieces would never see the light of day, trashily complied (not composed) by too many musical nincompoops all over the world.

Anyhow, Bach ought to be the daily bread, the shibboleth, the talisman, the panacea, and the *vade mecum* of every musician; and if that would or could be the case, then music would be the art of arts. Being not yet rightly treated, it is already an art and science combined, sent to us from heaven as a consoling medium between here and there, of which the archangel is Bach.

XIII

VIOLINS AND VIOLIN-MAKING

IT is unnecessary to make a legend about the violin; that is, to overdo the effort to make its history poetical, when the instrument, just as it stands, is perfect poetry. Why should we go into fables about this or any other violin? Here, look at this; where will you find an instrument with so little that is mechanical about it, and yet has so much soul as the violin? How simple and how perfect! After all it is only a few pieces of spruce and maple, some strings and a few pegs. Its shape cannot be improved; it was brought to perfection years ago, and no ingenuity or skill can alter it for the better.

Ah ha, you like it! Yes, it is a Stradivarius, made in 1704, before Stradivarius had quite put the ideas which he had acquired from his master, Nicholas Amati, out of his mind. Gaspar di Salo, the Magginis, the numberless Amatis (the makers of that name, I mean — there were seven or eight of them), the Stainers, and all the rest, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, were merely the great predecessors, leading up to and concentrating their powers in the two greatest geniuses of violin-making

REMENYI WITH HIS STRADIVARIUS

(Said to be Remenyi's best photograph. Taken in December, 1891)

at Cremona; namely, Guarnerius (Joseph del Gesu —there were six or seven other makers of the same name) and Stradivarius, just as all the great painters and sculptors, all that galaxy of artists in the Renaissance were the predecessors, and concentrated their forces in Michael Angelo, Raffael, and Leonardo da Vinci. As the fine arts culminated in these great artists, so the glorious art of violin-making culminated in the beginning of the eighteenth century when Guarnerius died at quite an early age, and Stradivarius at the age of ninety-two. Then there came at once a decline in the art of violin-making, and not even the best of Stradivarius's pupils were able to work with complete success at the art which their master had taught them.

Now, to what shall we attribute the decline in the art of violin-making? I believe it is due to the limitation of human capacity. Men are not capable of remaining a long time in perfection, or as some say —which amounts to much the same thing—there was at that time a want of genius, which at some epochs is more general than at others. It was so in music at the end of the last century. Then was the splendid epoch of the genius of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, but of course we must remember they were followed by a splendid constellation, which included such men as Mendelssohn and Schumann, and the decline was more gradual than in the art of violin-making. And in literature, too, you know

it is the same. There are epochs when the great writers seem to come all together, and after them there seems to be nothing left to be written for a century or more.

I do not attach so much importance to the age of a violin, but rather look to the ability of the maker, as exhibited in the instrument I may be judging. If age were a great test of merit, then the violins made by the Amatis, Magginis, and others should be better than those made by Stradivarius and Guarnerius. Nay, more, I will say that a perfect violin is the work of a genius, not simply of a skilful artisan. Such was the distinguished French maker, Lupot, who made splendid violins, imitating Stradivarius in every respect, in shape, varnish, wood, and workmanship. He was a genius. We have his violins, now more than eighty years old, but they are not to be compared with those of the two great masters of the first half of the eighteenth century. They must have had a special genius for their work, knowing exactly the quality of wood, the thickness they had to give it in working it out, and a hundred other details which were not secrets, but which could be brought to the same state of perfection by pupils who had not genius like theirs. The most laudatory thing that can be said about one of these violin-makers is, not that his work is so many years old, but simply that its quality proves who was its maker. It was not mere chance with these men. We dare not say that, because

every violin which has come from their hands, and which has not been altered in pseudo-repairing, is perfect. But we might write columns upon this theme without exhausting it. Only think of it! There has been no change whatever in the violin from its earliest days, except in the outlines of its form, and Guarnerius and Stradivarius gave it its present shape.

XIV

PAINTINGS — GREUZE AND REMBRANDT*

THIS ought to have been written long ago, but somehow or other, it always escaped my brain, and my thoughts went into other channels. Of the Greuze all I can say is, and I know what I am speaking of, that it is even better than his masterpiece, "*La Cruche Cassée*" ("The Broken Jug"), in the Louvre. In coloring it is certainly much better treated. It is absolute perfection, and so true. I am sure there is no better picture in the Chicago Art Institute, if I may except "The Servant Girl," by Rembrandt. That is the only picture in the Art Institute which, in my opinion, is better, although the comparison is scarcely fair. The two pictures are absolutely different. Their individuality is peculiar and *sui generis*, and the treatment of each one is of a different (art) world, so that comparison is out of the question. The Greuze is true and more ideal than "The Servant Girl" of Rembrandt, but then Rembrandt's treatment of his subject is still truer though less ideal.

** Remenyi refers in this sketch to paintings in his own collection. He was familiar with the technique and epochs of every school.*

Greuze looked into the face of his subject and put her up into heaven; Rembrandt looked also into the face of his subject and put her into his heart. His artistic heart was his heaven, and a grand heaven it was — a heaven full of human radiancy and truthfulness, which reflect, with an extra haloed glory, on the firmament of art, where he was such a shining sun. I would say Rembrandt was a Sebastian Bach with a glimpse of Beethoven, and Greuze was a Chopin with a glimpse of Mozart.

It was Mr. Arthur Dawson, who is a fine critic and connoisseur, who discovered that my Van der Helst is not a Van der Helst but a Philippe de Champagne, which is much better. Just as I think that my friend's Caravaggio (that wicked man playing the flute) is, after due reflection, not a Caravaggio at all. It is a much better picture (not Italian), but of the Dutch School. There were some Dutch masters who imitated the Italian style — few, but there were such — and this *Dutch* Caravaggio is of those. All this dawned on me only two or three weeks ago. I have that retrospective faculty; not only the faculty, but I am also able to correct my somewhat erroneous judgment without the least difficulty.

Art posesses me entirely. With me it is not an agreeable pastime; it is my life, my blood, my everything.

XV

APHORISMS

ART is a virgin who resents and revenges herself on anybody who is rash enough to soil her.

* * *

A little too much is much too much; a wee bit too little is not sufficient.

* * *

The difference between a bee and a wasp is not great, but that difference makes all the difference.

* * *

If a musician should be vain, whisper into his ears the name of Beethoven; and if, on hearing that name, the musician does not collapse, stick a pin into him as into a full-blown-up bladder, and just look at his collapse!

* * *

There are but two things absolutely absolute; those two things are Love and Art.

* * *

Duty is the only joy; work the only consolation.

* * *

"*Le mieux est toujours ennemi du bien*"; *mais*

dans ce cas le meilleurissime est pour toujours ennemi même du meilleur.

* * *

You are hard at work; you do well to do so. Angels must work; only drones do not. Besides, Leonardo da Vinci says: "*Vogli sempre quel che tu debi.*"

* * *

"I should like to have heard ——, who sings classically." Does he? Does she? It is not so easy to sing classically, after my ideas. Are you not too lenient? In some respects it is good to be lenient; I can't be, I 'm sorry to say, in art matters. Art, real art, is absolute, and not lenient either, when judged by Michael Angelo or Schumann.

* * *

Au fond, he knows a good thing when he sees it, and, what is more, he has the holy enthusiasm for Art, which is a fine gift.*

* * *

If the young musician takes his art into his soul and heart, he will become one; if not, not. He ought to grow.

* * *

Die echte Verklärung in der Kunst ist das ewig Natürliche.†

* *This refers to a new acquaintance.*

†*The true ideal in art is eternally the natural.*

XVI

NOTES AND LETTERS WRITTEN TO A YOUNG FRIEND

I

ELKHART, IND., May 14, 1897.

Ma Chère Enfant:—

I *L y a dans moi une coquetterie féroce, car quand vous aspirerez avec délice le parfum âcre de cette excellente raçine Orientale, je savais déjà que le paquet entier vous appartenait, mais j'ai maintenu* my inborn ferocious *coquetterie et je me suis dit quel effet cela produira quand elle recevra tout le paquet envoyé de quelque part.*

Le voilà donc ce paquet, et quoique je ne sois ni Grec, ni jeune, ni beau, au contraire tout poturonesque (pumpkin is *poturon* in French) *cependant il y aura de la joie dans la maison en recevant le petit paquet.* And now, *faites le moi savoir par un petit mot addressé à E. Remenyi, à Chicago, Ill.*, if everything is all O. K. *dans la belle et bonne maison, et si on se souvient avec bienveillance du Seigneur Pumpkinois et de toutes ses Crankinismes? Je joue tous les jours de mieux en mieux quelquefois, quand je suis dans la très sainte furie je joue comme* 1,000,000,000,000

diables, diablotins, imps, gnomes, *et d'autres bêtes féroces — et avec la grâce des gazelles.* There now, there is vanity for you — of course there is!

Je donnerai trois sous si je pouvais vous avoir auprès de moi, vous, et votre chère mère et excellentissime père, et même votre tante, en un mot, je me suis enamouraché de tout, même des pierres de cette belle et bonne maison antiqua — et maintenant bien de chôses tout ce qu'il y a de plus aimables pour vous tous — and all the rosy greetings from heaven and musical and other paradises. Good-bye.

Your friend,

Ed. Remenyi.

P. S.—*N'osez pas arriver à N. Y., avant que j 'y sois — vous le saurez quand — car nous resterons (avec ou sans votre permission) en correspondance. Eljen Matyas Kiraly qui veut dire en hongroise, Vive Mathias Corvinus roi!*

2

May 18, 1897.

And now I must acknowledge with horror-stricken and sackclothed penance my abomination of not having mentioned in my last letter your Narcissus Apollonea little brother. *C'était* a *lèse-majesté,* stupid neglect on my part, for which I ask his *boyshipdom* ten million times pardon. More I cannot do — if I should even stand on my head. But can I, poor Hungarian, get along in this world when "*Meghalt, Matyas Kiraly oda aj igaysaj*"*?* — which Hungarian

proverb means "King Matthias Corvinus is dead, and justice has died with him." And now I finish, as I have yet much to do. You ought to hear me now, when I have my friend Sanolet as an accompanist. Oh, my! "Oh, gracious!" "Oh, holy smoke!" What an artistico-artistic playing it is, and how artistically you all would enjoy it! With love to you all.

Your old gentleman friend, *Le Epicurien* and high-liver friend, ED. REMENYI.

P. S.—*Les pauvres Grecs sont toujours battus.**

3

RHINELANDER, WIS., June 5, 1897.

J'ai reçu votre bonnissimie lettre, et il est évidemment évident que je n'ai pas reçu votre seconde lettre. Elle se promène probablement de postoffice *en* P. O., forwarded and forwarded until it will reach me, *Anno Domini* 1997; some time in that year when I will be again in my fifth or sixth youth, not *à la Ponce de Léon*, but *à la Edouardus Remenyibus*. You wrote me something splendid, and that is that your splendid mother looks so well after her *campagne Aufenthalt*.

Alas, I will not *Kook Kuchen* through the big telescope; the d—d fools in building its pedestal did not calculate its weight and almost jeopardized the

* *Referring to the Greco-Turkish war of 1897, and Greek friends participating in it.*

EDOUARD REMENYI

(From a photograph presented to the author in 1897)

very telescope, and so I am cheated out of my visit to the spheres. Dash it all, I am in a *r-r-r-age.* Love to you all.

Your old gentleman friend,

EDOUARD REMENYI.

4

(Undated.)

How is it that you did not let me know if you received the fragrant root, which is not Hungarian but Oriental, pure and simple? Now take immediately hold of a pen, do it with speediness and alacrity, and inform me of this, and of many other Matthias Corvinesque matters, and of everything, and of some other matters.

You heard me that morning, the day when I left you? All right, that was *nofing:* you ought to hear me now, now that my friend pianist and accompanist has arrived from San Francisco, and you would hear M-U-S-I-C, *you bet! C'est le cas de dire "le mieux est toujours ennemi du bien"; mais dans ce cas le meilleurissime est pour toujours ennemi même du meilleur.*

I am at last in my orientally perfumed musical element (with a double vengeance), and now at last, after years of musical and forced *Carême* (Lent), I am in a perfect exotic musical garden of Hesperides and musical *Champs Elysées.* I could make you now paint miniatures, grandiatures, in oil, in pastel, in *Tod und Teufel* that you would not recognize

yourself, and that the female zealous paintress would, could, and should paint until nothing would remain of her but a spot — there now! I must finish. I have to rehearse some *foine* new pieces of music of my own composition, *des pièces qui ne se mouchent pas du pied.* This means "unpretentious pieces, yes, but devilishly good all the same."

Votre vieil ami,

ED. REMENYI.

5

June 17, 1897.

J' aurais du vous écrire et vous remercier avant votre last *bonne lettre, mais il est encore toujours temps de le faire à présent, car il n'y a pas peril en demeure, n'est ce pas? Je ne sais pas au juste quand ma saison va finir, mais je crois vers le fin du mois de Juillet* or beginning of August, *car, malgré les chaleurs accablantes le public vient à mes concerts et m'applaudie à tout casser. Aujourd'hui* (17 *Juin*, 1897) *j'ai* 64 *ans, et je me porte à merveille, grâce à ma diète.* On the 4th of July, *je fêterai mon* 300-*ième jour de cette diète — pomme*-bread-*lait-ique; et plus je m'avance dans cette diète plus j'y vois ses avantages. Les autres laissent pendre leur langues dans cette chaleur, tandis que moi, je me sens comme un* young spring in field. *Comment est tout le monde à la belle et bonne* —good old mansion? Of course all and everybody is all O. K. and well, and must be well, if not wellerer. I do not know where I finish my season,

but I will let you know in one or two weeks where and when, and then you will know if I can still come to ——. If not, the prophetesses and the prophet will come to the mountain. I am glad that you are hard at work. Duty the only joy; work the only consolation! Write as often as you want or can, but write. Love to all.

From your 64-year-old fiddler friend,

ED. REMENYI.

6

CHERE, CARA CORVINA:—

Et pourquoi ne m'a-t-on pas répondu à ma dernière lettre, car je voulais absolument savoir quand vous autres vous arriverez à New York. Moi! Malheureusement je n'arriverai que le 10 *Août.* Please *faites moi donc savoir par retour du courrier quand la Corvinus Matthias* family *sera* in New York — how long and where they will dwell. Unfortunately *ma pauvre femme est très malade, et comme elle souffre et depuis combien de temps. Avis à la lectrice.* Love to all.

Your old gentleman friend,

ED. REMENYI.

P. S.— Please tell me all about your work — all.

7

OSCODA AND AU SABLE, MICH.,
July 27, 1897.

CHERE CORVINA:—

Enfin j'ai en une bonne petite lettre de vous. Merci.

Je suis enchanté que vous aspirez un air pur and unadulteratedly unadulterated as you are yourself. There now, there is a good compliment. When you will come to New York only the gods on Olympus know, and the little fishes! I will arrive in New York on the eighth or ninth of August, but how long I can or will remain, I don't know yet; five — six weeks anyhow in going out from and coming into New York; for one or three days to Philadelphia, for one, three, or four days to Dobbs Ferry near New York to see Ingersoll; maybe somewhere else, too, for a couple of days. Of course I will know the time you can or are coming to New York. I will be at home to expect your Royal Highness.

Quand à un désir de peindre comme Raffaelo and *Michel Angelo, comme les Italiens l'appelent, c'est un désir très modeste plus que modeste d'une descendante de Matthias Corvinus.*

I will have a great deal to do in New York, and for that reason your Royal Highness's presence would be very desirable. *En attendant, je finis ma lettre,* wishing for three quadrillion tons of heavenly pure air, in which your Royal Highness may recuperate all your artistic strength,—so much *not* protected, in fact so little understood in ——. It must have done to you a car-load of good to have near you for a couple of hours your obedient servant, your friend the old gentleman who (h)appreciated you fully, without an *h,* and who is your friend through all the spheres —

and there are yet a few of them of which neither your Royal Highness has any knowledge or tidings, neither your faithful *amigo muy devotissimo*,

EDOUARD REMENYI.

8

NEW YORK, August 16, 1897.

Your good letter with enclosed introduction duly, awfully duly, received. I thank you for both — but I do not thank you for not coming, or for not being able to come, to New York, as I yearned and longed to see you from a friendly view, from an artistic standpoint, to discuss two million points on art matters, and then we would not have been at the beginning of the matter. And, from a Corvinian standpoint too, because you must know that the inauguration of his monument, of his great monument, will take place at Kolozsvar-Erdély; in German, Klausenburg-Siebenburgen (in Latin, Erdély is Transylvania), and I believe that if you can show even in a midgety way your descent from Hungary's greatest king, you and your mother, you would get such a reception that even the archangels would envy you; and they are not noted for their envious disposition, are they?

Now, my dear Corvina, a simple question: In your last letter, you address me, "*Mon cher ami*," in to-day's you write "My dear Signor." This is on my dear Corviniana's part, absolutely erroneous, as I am not an Italian. If you want to be very polite

to me you would be obliged to write "*Edes Remenyi Ur*" ("dear Remenyi Mister"). This is Hungarian. Herr, Monsieur, Signor, Señor, Dom, Don, Pañe, Mister, are "*Ur*" in Hungarian, and the "*Ur*" cometh after the Remenyi, that is, Remenyi Mister. Now you know it.

As to going to ——, it is more than tempting, but between the cup and the lip there is many a slip, and between my goodiest wish, desire, and will, and my *poter d'andare il y a* thirty billion impediments, but *qui vive verra.* Greeting to your parents, and where is the Narcissus Appollonia? If he wants a good violin cheap, he can have one. I know of one. Thousand million greetings and thanks to my good and genial friend Corviniana.

From her devoted palm-tree fiddler,

EDOUARD REMENYI.

9

NEW YORK, Sept. 10, 1897.

Yes, I will be in Erie, Pa., on the twentieth. Erie is the only place I know of. After the twentieth where to will be my route I don't know, but in a few days I will get it and will send it to you immediately. But I despair all the same of meeting you on the road. After the twentieth of November I will be *de retour* in New York for three months, and I think you may still be here, and that would give me great joy, great!

Six magnificent masterpieces are here — two Duprés, one Morland, one Rousseau, one Panini,

and one Calame (magnificent Alpine painter, magnificent!); but all six are masterpieces. Oh! I hope you will see these.

I will dine at M——'s next Tuesday, and everything will be all O. K., except Corvina will not be there, and that is bad, of course. Is n't X—— a fine fellow? Yes, he is, but he ought to be four or five inches taller, *on fait ce qu'on peut, n'est ce pas?* Have you received my last letter badly directed? Love to you all.

From your very devoted friend,

EDOUARD REMENYI.

10

OSWEGO, NEW YORK, Sept. 29, 1897.

CHERE AMIE CORVINA:—

Votre bonne et charmante lettre m'est arrivé hier ici à Owego. Elle m'a fait grandement plaisir et j'aimerais bien voir vos dessins pour les vitraux. I could perhaps suggest something to your ladyship. *Vous pouvez vous aisément imaginer comme je me réjouie déjà à vous revoir à New York — hein? En aurons nous des conversations à nous deux à donner l'envie aux dieux et déesses Olympiéns! Je ne vous dis qui ça!*

J'ai écrit, il y a trois jours, une assez longue lettre à Monsieur ——, qui est vraiment un homme superbe, digne d'etre encadré dans une auriole quand on pense aux millions de nincumpoops *qu'on rencontre sur le haut chemin de la vie, et dire que je dois cette*

connaissance à la cherissime Corvina. Mais ce n'est qu'à New York que la chère Corvina verra comme quoi je me connais dans son art, and don't you *forgettez-vous! Vous verrez que le vieux est bon à quelque chôse et que le Vieux se sont tous les jours plus jeune à cause de sa diète* (*aujourd'hui* 389 *jours* of high living,—on the left). *Les pommes sont exquises. Le pain est exquis, et le lait est du Nectar pur, et j'en suis très fier, que je suis le un entre un million — voire même ma situation sociale et les milles et mille temptations, un entre vingt millions.* And so I am going on with excelsior brows in the happy expectation to see you soon. Give my love to all.

Your friend the old gentleman who will soon have his twenty-fifth anniversary,

EDOUARD REMENYI.

II

WINCHESTER, VA., Oct. 14, 1897.

Washington's old historical town! *Très intéressant pour moi! Endlich, enfin vous voilà arrivé à New York chez votre charmante amie Lilian,* and I hope to see a great deal of you, of you both, during my stay in New York, after the twentieth or twenty-second of November. That it will be a grand pleasure to the old man (I), *cela va sans dire;* in fact, I rejoice at the outlook almost with a child's joy, who is to get his Christmas presents and pounds of candies. I hope nothing, nothing, nothing will intervene with this symphonistic grand joy of mine. And now,

good Corvina, put on your holidayest garbs, looks, wits, allures, gestures, smiles, and even tears if you may have some for Hellenic, I mean Greek, joys.*

My wife and my twins will receive you with open arms, and show you all I have still at home; what you will get from the old Man (me) is absolutely reserved to the old man: he (the old man) never would give that privilege to anyone but to himself, to present it or them to your gladdened artistic eyes. Write me always to 85th Street; everybody there knows that you have a shrine in my heart — and don't you forget it, *s'il vous plait.* I do not know if our great friend will mention to you that I am obliged to send him weekly an epistolary instalment; and you have no idea with what gusto and pleasure I send those epistolary *offenbarungen* (revelations) of my soul to that pearl of American Manhood.

An awful modern mouth-organ in the streets of historic Winchester disturbs my poor mind almost to distraction, and the more I wish he may stop the more he goeth on, the little devil!

I must leave you in the lurch (*quelle expression choisie!*) because I must write yet two million letters, *un peu moins ou plus, n'y fait rien.*

Dear Corvina, please teach a little of your good charming seriousness to ——, and you will get an extra nickel from me, besides a *crust* (this is a misnomer) of some of my hard-*tax* bread which I

* *Remenyi refers to a victory of the Greeks.*—EDR.

devour daily since four hundred and three days. That is a good record, ain't it?

And believe me to be your most devoted old gentleman friend,

EDOUARD REMENYI.

12

STARLING, O., Oct. 26, 1897.

These lines just to apprise you that next Sunday I will be with the P——'s at C——, coming home with them from Westerville, where I play next Saturday. *Il va sans dire que dimanche j'irai voir nos amis, et nous chatterons beaucoup* of our dear Corvina, you bet. *Avez-vous vu ma chère femme que est une invalide? Avez-vous vu mes enfants? Avez-vous entendu Adrienne?* Because musically she is very talented, etc.

J'espère de trouver (*pour moi*) *une bonne longue lettre de votre part. Je demeurerai chez les* P——'s, *mais comme* my manager will live at the C—— with my pianist and songstress, you can address your letter there too. What are you doing in New York? Write a long letter. Have you seen my fine pictures at my home? *Mes compliments les plus gracieux à Mlle S.* Write to your friend,

ED. REMENYI.

13

SAMEDI, Nov. 27, 1897.

Une nouvelle pour vous: je jourerai en Metropolitan Opera House *un ou deux solos avec*

l' accompagnement d'orchestre. L'orchestre sera dirigé par mon cher et grand compatriote, Seidl. Vous et Miss S——, vous devez vous y trouver sans faute. C'est pour une œuvre de charité je crois St. Mark's Hospital. *J'espère qu' il-y-aura un grand public et très représentative, et vous verrez, chère Corvina, ce que* your old man will play and do. Among others I will play a Bridal Song. You may call it anything, but it is magnificently beautiful. It is a fine musician-like composition of the first crystalline water by my friend and compatriot, *Max Vogrich*, who is in my consideration the greatest now living genius. His face is a mixture of Chopin and Schiller, not a bad *mélange* either. More of him when we will be together; *il faudrait que vous fassiez son portrait.* His wife sings. Well? Ask Adrienne. *Die Göttinen im Himmel konnen nicht schöner singen.* Musically she can put in one mortar, Eames, Calvé, Melba, and *tutti quanti.* But neither Vogrich nor his wife is or can be seen in public. And you know, when I do speak on artistic matters, I mean it. I know what I am speaking of. I want to be an unerring *oraculum*, and I can assure you I am in ninety-nine and one-half cases out of a hundred — and that one-half which remains can also be thrown in the totalizer.

How I rejoice to see you and to speak with you; in five minutes we will speak more good, sensible, artistic matters than ten million million *bourgeois* in a million million years. My wife (not only you)

says that Lilian is charming. *Faut mieux. Maintenant je vous quitte* reluctantly.

Your old man friend,

EDOUARD REMENYI.

14

Dec. 13, 1897.

Vous êtes une âme bien née, ma chère Corvina, de penser si gracieusement et aussi assidûment à votre vieil ami Remenyi. Soyez convaincue que je ne pense pas moins à vous, et rien au monde ne me ferait plus de plaisir que de vous voir arriver à votre noble but — du reste avec votre serieux et indomitable volonté vous y arriverez — certes, que vous y arriverez. J'ai écrit hier une bonne missive à votre chère mère, parlant très mal (?) de vous.

The musicale will take place next Wednesday. There will be no more than ten or fifteen people, and music for fifteen millions, but this musicale can and will be repeated with a vengeance for Corvina and Miss ——, rest assured of this. And now you have that exact measure. I will stop and say *au revoir* to you for next Thursday, partaking *then* of my lacteal dinner in the charming society of two golden brick girls.

Votre ami devoué,

ED. REMENYI.

P. S.— *Hier soir, en vous écoutant parler j'etais très charmé de vos aperçus, et si j'avais trente et trois ans de moins vous seriez une Loreley pour le Vieux (moi).*

Mais comme les trente et trois ans ne se laissent pas dwindle down — *vous êtes une ravissante Vision pour le reste de mes jours*, and don't you *forgettez-vous*.

Toujours votre ami, the old gentleman,

ED. REMENYI.

15

NEW YORK, Dec. 16, 1897.

CHERE CORVINA:—

Votre lettre est une chef-d'œuvre de care, *de bonté, de prévoyance, de bons conseils, et d'autres belles qualités, et dans chaque ligne je pouvais m'apercevoir que vous êtes mon ami. Vous n'aurez pas pu faire mieux que vous n'avez fait. N'en parlons plus. Vous avez fait ce que vous avez pu faire — non — vous avez fait plus. C'est la vraie vérité ou la vérité vraie.*

Je viendrai prendre demain le violon, qu'en dites-vous? Ecrivez-moi un mot si je fais bien d'apporter le violon.

Toujours — et tout à vous,

ED. REMENYI.

16

BUENOS AYRES, Jan. 19, 1887.*

I am on my way to Mauritius. Of course you think I have forgotten you and your good wife and all my friends in Benton Harbor. No! But since I saw you last time I went through the U. S. down to California; left on the steamer for Honolulu, Sandwich Islands; then to Australia, crossing the Pacific Ocean; then to New Zealand and Tasmania;

**Written to Mr. M. S. Owen.*

then back again to Australia and Queensland and through the Torres Straits to Java; then through the Straits to Burmah, India, Ceylon, back to the Straits; then up to China and Japan, back to Manila, back to the Straits, and am now on my way to Mauritius; then to Cape Colony, and from there to South America. If you don't call this travelling, I don't know what you really can call it.

I saw wonder things,— wonderfully wonderful things, and made a most tremendous collection of the most valuable objects, mostly presents. Oh, if you could see all those things! I could fill twelve houses like yours chock-full. Now be a good boy and write me a letter of two hundred thousand lines, if you will. So much the better. Register your letter, otherwise I never will get it, and keep me in your good memory and friendship.

EDOUARD REMENYI.

17

October 25, 1897.*

I have just read of the railroad horror on the Hudson River, almost in the suburbs of New York. You don't need to go to the Far West, or to the Colorado cañons for wrecks. Besides, there are other wrecks too, and even more serious. See rather the Castilian pride's wreck! What a pitiful spectacle the Spanish wreck presents in its stupid, blind pride! She wrecks herself blindly in broad daylight.

**Written to Mr. M. S. Owen.*

REMENYI'S LAST PHOTOGRAPH

Taken with Madame Brehany, the singer, in October or November, 1897

XVII

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN ROBERT G. INGERSOLL AND EDOUARD REMENYI, 1880-1898 *

I

August, 1880.

THIS week the great violinist, Edouard Remenyi, visited me at Cape Ann, Massachusetts, and for three days delighted and entranced the fortunate idlers of the beach. He played nearly all the time, night and day, seemingly carried away with his own music. Among the many selections given were the Andante from the tenth sonata in E flat, also from the twelfth sonata in G minor, by Mozart. Nothing could exceed the wonderful playing of the selections from the twelfth sonata. A hush of death fell upon the audience, and when he ceased tears fell upon applauding hands. Then followed the "Elégie" by Ernst, then "The Ideal Dance," composed by himself — a fairy piece, full of wings and glancing feet, moonlight and melody, where fountains fall in

**The Editors are indebted to Mrs. Robert G. Ingersoll for her kindness in contributing the following correspondence between her husband and Remenyi, which has been preserved by her daughter, Miss Maude Ingersoll.*

showers of pearl, and waves of music die in sands of gold. Then came the "Barcarole" of Schubert, and he played this with infinite spirit, in a kind of inspired frenzy, as though music itself were mad with joy; then the grand sonata in G, in three movements, by Beethoven.

R. G. INGERSOLL.

2

Nov. 24, 1891.

MY DEAR REMENYI: —

A thousand thanks for your good letter! We will not trouble you until after the concert. Then we want you to come home with us. We will put you carefully in the carriage and bring you to 400 Fifth Avenue. We will have something to eat and a small drop to drink, including Hathorne water of the strongest brand, Saratoga Sec, of the vintage of 1833. Then we will take you where you want to go, so you can have all the sleep you need before starting for Syracuse. We all hope that you will have a splendid audience Sunday night. Don't play any better than you used to — we could not stand it. In my mind the old tones are still rising and falling, still throbbing, pleading, beseeching, imploring, wailing, like the lost; rising winged and triumphant, superb and victorious, then caressing, whispering every thought of love; intoxicated, delirious with joy, fainting with passion, fading to silence as softly and imperceptibly as consciousness is lost in sleep.

R. G. INGERSOLL.

3

Dec. 27, '97.

MY DEAR REMENYI: —

I am delighted that you and your daughter are going to be with us on New Year's eve. We will put the Old Year in his coffin, and we will rock the cradle of the New. I know that we will all be happy — happy to see you again. Give my best regards to Mrs. Remenyi. If she is well enough, you must induce her to come. We would all be glad to welcome her. Yours always,

R. G. INGERSOLL.

4

Dec. 27, '97.

MY DEAR REMENYI: —

This is letter No. 2. I forgot to say in the first that we would have baked apples, milk, and bread like the soles of shoes. You can get fat. Apples and Art, Bran and Brain, Milk and Music,— what a blessed Trinity! Yours always,

R. G. INGERSOLL.

5

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Nov. 30, 1891.

After the Ingersollean heaven! There now, so much to begin with, my dear Ingersoll. And now I have two hundred million requests to make to you, but have no time to write them all down. I will just mention a few:

1. Go to Seidl's — or give him a *rendezvous* somewhere; and this *rendezvous* idea must come from you

and not at all from me, having received a letter from me concerning my playing sometimes at his glorious concerts. I must play there, and here too, *coûte que coûte;* by all means it must be as soon as possible, and if I have to come to New York from Pekin expressly for that concert. Listen! I will write to-day to my manager, Mr. George Hathaway, Redpath Lyceum Bureau, a very good man and most reliable. Will tell him all that happened, and how it happened, and also that I must play there at all prices. Of course Hathaway must know nothing of it, that you, the Jupiter, do speak with Seidl, otherwise he would not move in the matter. See? Now you understand my situation. I am fully prepared for the — for that musical fray; as prepared and as fully armed as Minerva was when she came out fully armed from Jupiter; and that it did not happen now does not matter. But it must happen. I want to impress this upon my Jupiter Ingersoll friend; and now you know your duty concerning this matter. Of course I will write to-day to Hathaway. He must move in the matter. In fact, I have received this very moment this very wire: "Have offered New York, Dec. 20 or 27; deeply regret the mishap and hope to make satisfactory arrangements. Redpath Lyceum Bureau."

You see he moves in the matter, but it must be the Jupiter who moves in this matter. Now I have said all I had to say, and I am fully understood.

2. Have you cabled to my wife? Of course you have.

3. Another request: please do me another favor. My twins, boy and girl, Tibor and Adrienne, eighteen years old, will know about you. Please send them, with a short dedicatory line from your pent-in memory, a souvenir of the ever-to-be-remembered evening of the twenty-ninth of November, spent at your blessed house — a photographic album of New York, New York with all its views. This would be awfully nice of you. Do so! Now I end, expecting your good lines as an answer, and with all my love to all, from the oldest down to the three or four months old one, and hugging them all, and with all kinds of affection from

Your old fiddler friend,

EDOUARD REMENYI.

Later —You must do something more, more-er for me. There is no rest for the wicked. But what a musical satisfaction will I give you for all your goodness, with a vengeance!*

**On the occasion of Remenyi's concert at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, in which he played with Seidl, I had dined with him at his house, where, surrounded by his family, he partook, with his usual calm satisfaction, of the hard bread, apples, and milk which he believed so beneficial as a diet, and to which he attributed his remarkable vigor, the firmness of his muscle, and the strength of his arm. This, he affirmed, enabled him to practise so many hours and to endure so much. As the time drew near for his departure for the opera-house, he hastily collected the music he was to render, and bidding Mme. Remenyi an affectionate au revoir, drove off. Later, with his pretty daughter Adrienne and son Tibor, I watched Remenyi, across the stretch of the crowded opera-house, as he took his place easily — a small figure, surrounded by the great orchestra, which was conducted by his*

6

(Undated)

MY DEAR GRAND MAN: —

If you want to be blown up — down — to be pulverized, to be electrified, to be flabbergasted, to be electrically astonished, all you have to do is to come, and your family, to 35 South Fifth Avenue next Wednesday at half-past three P. M., and you will see things of which even you scarcely dreamt. Nikola Tesla, the great electrician, asked me to write you, so I did myself the honor. I would have come down myself to go with you, but can't do it, being obliged to go to Tesla next Wednesday with Dr. Antonin Dvóràk who wants also to see *them* experiments, but who is such a practical(?) gentleman that he cannot even find his own house on a clear day. Now I have done my loving duty.

I am your old fiddler friend and admirer,

ED. REMENYI.

"dear friend Seidl!" The programme was long and difficult, but the violin of Remenyi lifted its voice as that of some great prima-donna — its tones soaring, true and clear, above the tremendous volume of the entire orchestra. The striking point, however, came in the next number of the programme, which was executed by Remenyi with the support of an accompanist and only a few pieces of the orchestra. The fire of his playing, the brilliancy of his tone and technique, were such that, surpassing himself, he so filled that immense building it was only on second thought one realized that the manifold voices of the orchestra, which had swelled out in the previous numbers, were no longer with him! Afterwards, when the storms of applause were over and he had joined us, he gave the characteristic shrug of his broad shoulders, and made use of the odd little expression, his usual form of expressing any satisfaction in his own tours de force: "Well, how did it go? I played like a brick — yes?" G. D. K.

7

SALT LAKE CITY, April 20, 1893.

It is a good while that I did not write to my dearest, dear Jupiter. I would have two hundred thousand things to write and say to you; suffice one thing — and that covers the whole ground — that you are in the very centre of my heart, soul, or soul's heart. Take your choice, and don't pay your money. I hear from my savage mathematician son that he had the honor and pleasure to be with you. I wish I had been in his skin.

How is the grand young man's health? I hope it is O. K. Am on my way to California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, and to the Ki-Ki-ri-Ki-Ki-Ko-Ko-Ko also. If you think it the proper thing to do, send me two lines for your friends at Butte and Helena. Will be there one or two days, all in all. If you think it not proper, don't. Love to all.

From your O. G. fiddler friend and devotee and admirer, ED. REMENYI.

8

ST. CLOUD, MINN., Jan. 22, 1893.

MON TRES CHER JUPITER: —

I am sorry not to be in Chicago when you give your Bob Burns lecture. Sorry I am, sorry I am, that I see so little of you during this season, and I am awfully sorry not to fiddle something grand with

the great Seidl. But I have something really great to fiddle, and that is Dvóràk's violin concerto in its entirety(three parts), and greatly(I believe, at least,) I do fiddle this concerto. Sorry I am, and I am sorry, and that is all, but I am not sorry but glad that I keep you right warmly in my esteem, admiration, and love. You leave Chicago probably on Tuesday and I will arrive there on Thursday. Too bad! Please leave word if you have received this scribble of mine. With love to all.

Your old gentleman fiddler friend,

EDOUARD REMENYI.

9

(Undated)

On the twenty-third of April I will finish my concert tour, one hundred and seventy consecutive good concerts to my record, and finding myself in my wineless, meatless, smokeless, state of bliss and by no means abstemiousness or asceticism. I hope that the whole holy family at 400 is all O. K. in wineful, meatful, smokeful state of bliss, and that *them* good folks will receive me with (h)open (h)arms (no harm done), on my return to New York toward the end of April. With best love to all.

Your old fiddler friend and admirer,

ED. REMENYI.

P. S.—A letter from Ingersoll is always welcome at the old Corner Church.

PART IV

PRESS TRIBUTES, LIST OF COMPOSITIONS, ETC.

PART IV

PRESS TRIBUTES, LIST OF COMPOSITIONS, ETC.

MR. MAPLESON'S benefit concert, as usual, took place at the Crystal Palace, and as usual consisted of an unlimited supply of miscellaneous music, drawn mainly from Italian sources and performed in approved fashion by the leading members of Her Majesty's Theatre. There was, however, one striking exception to the ordinary routine. The audience, or at least its younger components, became here for the first time acquainted with an artist whose undeniable power must have been a surprise to many. M. Edouard Remenyi, the Hungarian violinist, has, it is true, a widespread — one may say a European — reputation, but it resembles in its character that of some of our non-exhibiting painters. Most English amateurs have heard the name of Remenyi, and know that he ranks amongst the first of living violinists, but few can vouch for this general impression by their personal experience. The artist himself is largely responsible for this state of things. For nearly thirteen years he has not been in England,

and even his present visit to this country was not originally made with a view to public performance. It was only the almost sensational effect M. Remenyi produced in private circles that caused him to accept Mr. Mapleson's engagement on Saturday last. On that occasion his success was brilliant. But the transept of the Crystal Palace is not the right place to display qualities of tone, nor a fantasia on themes from "The Huguenots" (chosen by M. Remenyi in accordance with the general character of the concert) the right composition to throw light on the higher, intellectual side of his style. It is a brilliant piece, full of varied effects, and in the "Romance" from the first act much sentiment may be introduced, but the whole conception is not of a kind in which a first-rate artist would show at his best. Such an artist M. Remenyi is, and as such he will be acknowledged beyond a doubt. . . .

As an artist, M. Remenyi combines perfect mastery over the technical difficulties of his instrument with a strongly pronounced poetic individuality. His whole soul is in his playing, and his impulse carries him away with it as he warms to his task, the impression produced on the audience being, consequently, on an ascending scale. He never tires, and one never tires of him. Nothing more impressive could well be imagined than hearing and seeing M. Remenyi perform one of the stormier pieces of Chopin transferred by him from the pianoforte to

the violin, or a short fantasia of his own composition, aptly called the "Heroic." But tenderer accents are not wanting. The nocturnes of Chopin or of our own Field are given with the tenderest dreaminess, interrupted at intervals only by more impassioned strains. His rendering also of Schubert's well-known "Barcarole" is a masterpiece of sustained legato playing. Another important feature of M. Remenyi's style is the national element. He strongly maintains against Liszt the genuineness of Hungarian music, and has shown himself thoroughly imbued with the spirit of that music by writing several "Hungarian melodies," which have been mistaken for popular tunes and actually adopted as such by other composers. The same half-Eastern spirit is observable in the strong rhythmical coloring of M. Remenyi's execution, seldom or never attained in its original raciness by artists of Teutonic origin. Such are the most striking features of the violinist's style, but it must not be thought that these qualities debar him from the serious and congenial interpretation of classic masterpieces. His *répertoire* comprises the names of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Schumann, as well as those of Chopin and Paganini.

—London Examiner, July 28, 1876.

M. Riviere's promenade concerts at Covent Garden Theatre have thus far been attended with

great success. The miscellaneous selection which formed the second part of last night's concert was chiefly remarkable for the splendid violin-playing of Herr Remenyi, who introduced his own fantasia on themes from "Les Huguenots." The composition is skilfully and tastefully constructed, and afforded occasions for the display of Herr Remenyi's powers as a cantabile player, and as a brilliant executant of bravura passages. The contralto air, "Nobil Donna," and the tenor air, "Ah, Piu Bianco," were "sung" by him on the violin with a purity of phrasing and a grace of expression equalled by few operatic vocalists, and his execution of florid passages was simply marvellous. On several occasions during his masterly performance the audience manifested their delight by bursts of cheering, and at the conclusion the demands for an encore were enthusiastic and unanimous.

—London Globe, Oct. 12, 1878.

The first "classical" Wednesday night at M. Rivière's concerts calls for a brief notice on our part. Among the solo performances of the first part that of M. Edouard Remenyi, the Hungarian violinist, deserves special mention. As regards volume and beauty of tone, M. Remenyi ranks with the first masters of his instrument, and his technical perfection is second to few. In addition to this he has all the verve and rhythmical decision peculiar to his

nationality, and in the rendering of his native Hungarian airs he is absolutely unsurpassable. On the present occasion, however, he showed that his talent is not confined to one specialty, and his performance of Spohr's eighth concerto for the violin was full of breadth and classical repose. We expect to meet with M. Remenyi's name in many concert programmes during the coming season.

—London Times, Oct. 10, 1878.

The appearance of distinguished violinists this season before New York audiences has been among the leading musical events. Last evening, notwithstanding the threatening weather, Steinway Hall was crowded with a brilliant assemblage, desirous of witnessing the *début* of Edouard Remenyi. How a violinist looks is always very interesting, for between the instrument and the performer we are apt to create certain imaginary sympathies. Remenyi for all the world looks like some good French *abbé* who could better intone a mass than draw delicate and bewitching tones from his instrument. This artist's manner, as far as pose goes, is exceedingly quiet and deliberate. Once the instrument is in the violinist's hands the somewhat lethargic face of the performer changes, though imperceptibly. His eyes rarely look at the audience. Entirely absorbed in the music he is producing, his whole being seems to be centred on his instrument. It was but necessary to listen to the first

few bars of Mendelssohn's concerto, to be satisfied that the instrumentalist was a virtuoso of the first order. Remenyi's tones are wonderfully clear and delicate, and have a sonority which is absolutely perfect. One marked peculiarity of his style is his method of bowing. Effects of the most minute precision are produced by the *archet* touching the strings while the bow does not move apparently an eighth of an inch. When the bow is put on and taken off cannot be seen. It is the wonderful sentiment, the passion, the feeling, which distinguishes Remenyi from any other violinist we have yet heard in the United States. This instrumentalist had given him last evening no less than three *entrées* in the programme. Mendelssohn's concerto, the andante and the rondo; three solos for the violin (the nocturne in E flat of Chopin, with the mazurka and "Hungarian melodies"), concluding with two strange capriccios of Paganini, Nos. 21 and 24. The well-known Mendelssohn concerto was, as to the andante, produced by Remenyi in rather slower time than we have been accustomed to hear it. We suppose this concerto, considered properly as belonging to the modern classic school, was introduced in the programme in order that a critical audience should at the start become assured of the power of the violinist. It was played with wonderful charm and exquisite feeling, and at its conclusion the performer was applauded to the echo, and recalled four times. Familiar as we all

are with Chopin, Remenyi's production of this great master was a revelation. If the nocturne was fully appreciated, the mazurka, played with an abandon and passion, brought from the foreign element in the house the wildest tokens of delight. The "Melodie Hongroise" was equally well rendered. Here the apparently quiet nature of the violinist seemed to lose its restraint, and as the national lyric was brought singing from the strings of the Stradivarius the effect was magical. For an encore, Schubert's "Serenade" was played. The peculiar capriccios of Paganini were most charmingly rendered, and a whole flood of delicate harmonies was produced.

— New York Times, Nov. 12, 1878.

The expectations raised concerning M. Edouard Remenyi's talent as a violin virtuoso — expectations, be it said, which rose considerably above the plane of agreeable anticipation, inasmuch as Liszt, Théophile Gautier, and the leading music critics of France and England have long been unanimous in his praise — were all fulfilled by his performance at last evening's concert in Steinway Hall. His appearance was greeted with uncommon enthusiasm by an audience which filled the house to overflowing, and before the first part of the concert ended it was clear that the newcomer had scored a great artistic and popular success. His interpretation of the Mendelssohn concerto was followed by four recalls, in

which cheers mingled with plaudits, and the minor pieces which he subsequently rendered literally took the spectators by storm. M. Remenyi is not only a master of technique, but a violinist in whose playing sentiment, elegance, poetry, and expressiveness are unusually conspicuous elements. His instrument is a palette of sound, on which every color and shade lie within summons of his magic bow. Where his work calls for pure cantabile, his execution is apparently of the utmost simplicity; where the theme is embroidered by the composer's fancy, it takes on a picturesque grace which adds largely to its effectiveness. In the lovely adagio of the Mendelssohn concerto, for example, in which he took the time much slower than less impressible violinists are inclined to do, his manner was one of unimpeachable tranquillity and dignity; in the vivacious rondo, on the contrary, his bow arm appeared to catch something of the fairylike designs of the composer, and the bow fairly danced over the strings with a lightness and playfulness befitting a frolic of elves in a moonlit glade. Some points of Remenyi's playing, while their beauty and eloquence were plain enough not to require analysis, deserve attention. That his tone is of exquisite sweetness goes without saying, but it is particularly beautiful from the fact that the performer's power to sustain it is practically unlimited. The change of bowing — from an up bow to a down bow, and *vice versa*, can never be detected by the ear;

and thus some marvellous effects are obtained by the virtuoso. Then Remenyi's staccato is of unequalled brilliancy of timbre and evenness, and his use of the bow in producing it — the length of hair employed being perceptible — is as delightful to the eye as its tones are pleasing to the ear. It seems a pity, however, to dwell upon technicalities in speaking of such a performance as the Hungarian artist supplied last night. A record of its charm is of far easier preparation, and doubtless of more general interest.

—New York Evening Express, Nov. 12, 1878.

Edouard Remenyi, the famous Hungarian violinist, made his first bow to an American audience on Monday evening in Steinway Hall. Every seat was filled, and among the interested listeners were many of the countrymen of the great artist. The programme was arranged apparently with a view to show his mastery of all styles, containing, as it did, compositions by Mendelssohn, Chopin, and Paganini. He began by playing two movements of the concerto by Mendelssohn, and, as he walked on the stage in a quiet, unassuming way, he was greeted with a hearty welcome. Simply in a musical sense Wieniawski has played the andante better, and Camilla Urso and Joseph White have done as well in the rondo, but none of them could equal the grace and delicacy of Remenyi's playing. His second selection was a group of three pieces — nocturne in E flat,

Op. 9, No. 2, Chopin; "Mélodies Héroiques" and "Lyriques Hongroises," transcribed by Remenyi, and Chopin's mazurka, Op. 7, No. 1. The nocturne gave an opportunity for a display of the merits of his playing, and was a revelation. His tone is sympathetic, penetrating, nervous, tremulous with feeling, yet not always of a perfect intonation, nor yet so full and broad as that of a great artist we have lately heard, and whose very opposite he is. In the nocturne his phrasing, the exquisite delicacy and grace of his execution, and the tender and loving treatment of the melody were simply perfect. The impression he had produced was deepened by the Hungarian melodies and the Chopin mazurka, the audience being aroused to a state of enthusiastic excitement. After several recalls he played Schubert's "Serenade" with much sweetness and eager intensity, but with a tendency to over-ornamentation. The concert closed with two of Paganini's capriccios — the first a slow movement designed to show the artist's tone and strength of repose, and the second a brilliant show piece, containing a difficult passage in harmonies, full of turns and other grace notes, which was splendidly done. His repertory is very large, covering apparently almost the whole field of violin music, from the severer works of Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, and Mendelssohn, down to those of the later violin composers. Besides these he plays a number of transcriptions of his own of all sorts,

Chopin's nocturnes, mazurkas, and waltzes, Field's nocturnes, Schubert's songs, and a vast number of selections from operas of all sorts, from Mozart to Wagner. His rendering of Paganini's two capriccios, Nos. 21 and 24, was brilliant, and the mazurka (Chopin) elicited the wildest enthusiasm. In fact, everything the artist played was greeted with the most exuberant tokens of satisfaction and delight.

—New York Musical Times, Nov. 16, 1878.

In appearance this player has the semblance of a priest rather than that of an artist, although a phrenologist would find the frontal development of his cranium remarkably strong in the musical faculty. In stature the artist is short, in figure stocky. With his style of playing physique is all-important, for it is the embodiment of suppressed intensity, fired, in flashes, with the wildest abandon. Comparisons will, of course, at this time be sought of the Hungarian with the German artist who so recently preceded him. Such cannot fairly or satisfactorily be made. Wilhelmj's school is in the lofty mould of the classics; Remenyi's is of form and kind less classic, but absolutely his own. His face marks him as *sui generis*, and his playing is the reflex of the subtle power, the matchless self-command, that speaks from his eloquent eye and lurks about the corners of his expressive mouth. He is a master of his instrument, and no other violinist has ever inspired greater

confidence, or shown such absolute certainty of attack. His rendering of piano passages is exquisitely delicate. His cantabile playing is singularly sweet, and not once in the seven widely varied numbers given did he make a harsh note or " saw " the strings, as even the best artists may at times permit themselves to do. His touch is, in fact, marvellous, and the effects that he makes in diminuendo passages are surpassingly beautiful. He seems to make his instrument a part of himself and it glows and burns and flames under his master-hand, ever *en rapport* with the strange magnetism of the artist's powerful individuality. That these attributes would not assert so emphatic an effect in music of the purely classic school, where the artist is, necessarily, restrained somewhat, must be at once evident, and in the grand concerto by Mendelssohn, played in the first part, they were suggested rather than exhibited.

— NEW YORK HERALD, Nov. 17, 1878.

THE Hungarian violinist, Edouard Remenyi, who made his first appearance in America last night in Steinway Hall, is one of those phenomenal artists who can be measured by the standard of no other man. Comparison, in most cases, is but a pinchbeck criticism, and with such an exceptional and original performer as this it is entirely useless. All his work bears the mark of his own strong character; and in

everything that he does, whether we consider the intellectual conception of the piece or the technical execution of it, the differences which separate him from other violinists are differences not so much in the degree of merit as in kind. Perhaps, indeed, there is one particular in which it is proper to compare him with Wilhelmj, but there is only one. When we are told that Remenyi is "the Liszt of the violin," we naturally expect to hear from his instrument a full and robust tone. We do hear a remarkably pure, even, and effective tone, but it lacks something of that masculine splendor which distinguishes Wilhelmj's, just as his style lacks the grand breadth, dignity, and majestic repose of the famous German. Remenyi's fascination is exerted by charms of another sort. In mere technical facility he yields to no one. In the power of expressing a certain order of emotions we do not believe he has a rival. In fire, brilliancy, and daring he reminds us of the accounts that have been written of Paganini. His first selection last night was a part of Mendelssohn's violin concerto, the second and third movements. The andante was very purely and beautifully played, with no excess of sentiment, to say the least, rather quicker than we are accustomed to hear it, and with perhaps an unexpected degree of composure. It was not until the rondo was reached that the violinist showed his quality, illuminating the whole movement with a strange fire, at which the elegant Mendelssohn, if he was aware

of it, must have stared in amazement. A still better display of his characteristic powers was afforded by a group of Chopin pieces, whose romantic spirit and freedom in rhythmic structure seemed just suited to his temper.

— NEW YORK TRIBUNE, Nov. 12, 1878.

IT is evident that this celebrated violinist has entered upon a successful American career. His performance on Monday night satisfied the audience that he is a remarkable example of a school of art that is not altogether familiar with our people, and his second concert at Steinway Hall strengthened the favorable impression made by him on his first appearance. It has already been written that he is distinctive in method, possesses an individuality of his own making, and is utterly unlike his great compeers, Wilhelmj and Ole Bull. Where Wilhelmj is majestic and almost frigid, yet classically beautiful in his strong harmonies, Remenyi is simply romantic. Where Ole Bull scatters his poetical brilliants and, confident of his artistic effects, throws off the lights and shadows of his forty years of experience among the melodies of every country in which he has sojourned, Remenyi when left to himself, pours out the poetry of his own warm Hungarian nature. Copying the sentiments of Beethoven, and even introducing, as he did last night, his own lengthy cadenza, there was much wanting to elicit more than merely complimentary

enthusiasm; but when in subsequent numbers he performed the "Nocturne de la Rose" (in A major, No. 4), the "Barcarole" by Schubert, and Chopin's valse (Op. 64, No. 1), transcribed and arranged by himself, and as the closing feature of the programme played his own composition, "Introduction Guerrière" and the Hungarian "Marche Nationale," there was no room left for doubt that a great artist and executant was in our midst, and that he will worthily retain his share of the field that is now being so well occupied by the other two great artists whose names have been mentioned. The peculiarities of Remenyi's playing are, first, his apparent absence of mind. He rarely seems to realize that an audience is in front of him until he is awakened as from a dream by the applause. Second, he is full of sentiment. He appears to enjoy a revel among the soft, low, and tender notes of his violin rather than the diabolic style which once made Sivori say he never felt fully inspired until he saw Satan's tail protruding from the apertures of his instrument. It is this method which is calculated to make Remenyi popular. He plays from his heart and is sympathetic.

—NEW YORK HERALD, Nov. 14, 1878.

THE concert of last night was attended by a very large audience, which became, before the close of the evening, one of the most enthusiastic audiences ever assembled in the Music Hall. Edouard Remenyi

is a great violinist, and the pleasure of hearing him now is increased by the inevitable and interesting comparison which every one makes between him and Wilhelmj. The latter has the obvious and superficial advantage of looking the artist that he really is; but no one could divine that Remenyi's short, stout figure, bald head, ruddy complexion, and almost grotesquely jolly countenance belonged to a musician whose spirit is endowed with the finest sensibility and has been touched by the poetic fire. Yet such is indeed the fact. Remenyi is one of the first of living violinists in his mastery of the technique of the instrument. His tone has great strength, richness, and resonance, and is only inferior in these qualities to that of Wilhelmj, who in sonorous volume surpasses, we think, any player ever heard in this country. Remenyi's phrasing is beautiful, and it is only in breadth that his style is of less worth than Wilhelmj's. The Hungarian performer is likely to be the more popular of the two; he is more showy and specious; has an intensity of style which is perhaps more immediately telling and contagious because it is nearer the surface, and has an absolute and conscious control of all that is effective in his art. We do not mean to imply that Remenyi is in the least a charlatan; the very contrary is true; but the quality of his genius is lighter, swifter, more brilliant and dazzling than Wilhelmj's, as well as less profound and less suggestive. The difference between the two men as players is some-

thing like that between Mozart and Beethoven as composers ; and there is no reason why each should not occupy his own lofty position. Remenyi shows himself possessed of a singularly mercurial and sensitive fancy, which, in the interpretation of compositions like Chopin's nocturnes, expresses itself with truly poetic dreaminess, while in a waltz by the same composer it is clothed in colors like those of the rainbow. He has, as is natural, a peculiar sympathy with the Hungarian music, and his performance of it is more bewilderingly fascinating than that of any artist whom we have heard; the strange and stirring rhythms having a new significance and beauty as they are marked by his instrument. No player, also, that we can recall, surpasses, perhaps none equals, Remenyi in the ability to work up to the height of a musical climax, not with crude violence of style, but with steady growing and absolutely contagious intensity.

— Boston Daily Advertiser, Nov. 21, 1878.

Great violinists have conspired together to make true the old saw that " it never rains but it pours." Wilhelmj has hardly left us when his countryman, Remenyi, swoops down upon our city and carries off what honors were left to be won. As if this were not enough, Ole Bull steps in with his winning, paternal smile, and delights his crowds of sworn admirers as if nothing unusual had happened. But

our present business is with Remenyi, who made his first bow (or drew his first bow) in Boston last Wednesday evening in the Music Hall. Not quite his first though, for some of us can remember him years ago in the Kossuth time, a slim young man, playing delightfully. . . .

The very appearance of the man, as he stepped forward upon the stage, was a good earnest of what we were to expect from his playing. The good-natured, close-shaven face — a perfect *abbé* face of the time of Charles X — is full of that humor which Thackeray has defined as a union of wit and love. The innate tact, that power of pleasing for pleasing's sake, which is expressed in the easy, curvilinear movements of his body as he walks,— movements which no Anglo-Saxon could hope to imitate, gracious and graceful, yet prevented from being languid and sentimental by a touch of sprightly bonhomie,— all these indicate plainly enough, if physiognomy and bearing indicate anything, the artistic quality of the man. Nor were these prognostics deceptive. Of all the fascinating violinists ever heard here, Remenyi must be called the most bewitching. Like all fascinating players he has a slight tendency toward something akin to mannerism; he is perhaps too fond of constant pianissimo effects, yet a certain fine esthetic perception saves him from mawkishness, and we feel that there is more of elegance and grace in his somewhat excessive delicacy than there is of

callow sentimentalism. His tone is always pure and delicate; it has an almost cloying sweetness, reminding one of some of the delicious, sensuous flute and reed effects in Berlioz's orchestration, yet when he attacks strong passages, it acquires a rare pungency of timbre that is as brilliant and telling as that of a fine metallic tenor voice. His technique is absolute, so perfect that it needs no comment. His playing of numbers 21 and 24 of Paganini's capriccios (the latter of which is known to pianists as the last of Liszt's formidable set of studies after Paganini) showed the music in a new light. Violinist after violinist has tried his hand at Paganini's music, but without effect, so thin and poor is its musical essence; with so little effect, indeed, that some persons have been led to conjecture that the composer himself never could have intoxicated his hearers, as he is reported to have done, by playing it as it is written. It seemed impossible that such poor stuff should have ever been effective. These capriccios are poor stuff it is true, musically speaking, but if a man have the devil in him, they offer a rare chance for showing it. As Remenyi played them (especially the latter one), they were like the friskiest champagne — no, not champagne, but hot champagne punch, if such a beverage exists. One listened to them as if bitten by a rabid tarantula; it was irresistible. And yet all this bewildering effect was produced without trickery; by simple, contagious, personal magnetism.

— Boston Courier, Nov. 24, 1878.

THE first concert of the Philharmonic Society of New York, under the direction of its new conductor, Mr. Adolph Neuendorf, took place at the Academy of Music on Saturday evening, November 23d. . . . In the melodies, Remenyi's phrasing and depth of expression were marvellously beautiful and intense, his intonation perfect; in the bravura sense, though the execution seemingly left nothing to be wished for, it could not be adequately enjoyed, from the fact that the violin at times seemed quite a semitone higher than the orchestra. . . . Remenyi proved his unique powers to their utmost in two smaller selections from Chopin — the nocturne in E flat and the mazurka in B flat, in which he again delighted his audience by his remarkable delicacy of execution and tone, facility in the reproduction of ornamental portions, and his artistic expression of poetical sentiment. After each performance, he had quite a triumph in the way of applause, and was obliged to respond twice to the demand for encores.

— MUSICAL TRADE REVIEW, Nov. 30, 1878.

THE chief features of the Philharmonic's initial concert of its twenty-first season were the presence of Theodore Thomas as conductor, Remenyi as violin soloist, and the advent of a Brooklyn lady as a public vocalist, Miss Annie McCollum. Of Theodore Thomas little need be said beyond that his magnetism as a conductor was made very conspicu-

ous by contrasting its effect with that attained by Mr. Dietrich, although, to be sure, the latter gentleman has all the drudgery and no opportunity of winning the laurels. M. Remenyi was not quite at home in several severely classical passages. In the andante of the Mendelssohn concerto, the tone produced seemed uncertain and spiritlessly weak. But in his own transcription of Hungarian melodies and Chopin's nocturne and mazurka, his style changed, and the player became inspired under numbers more natural to his taste and style. The audience really acknowledged the genius of the virtuoso, and particularly during the clear-cut and very definable pianissimo passages, in which he is unapproachable, appeared oblivious of existence in their rapt attention. Those passages of his have wonderful effect. To close one's eyes, one might imagine, in the dead silence, the house to be empty. Not even a breath is heard; not a programme rustles; and if, at the moment of one of those far-off yet distinct strains, some unlucky wight chances to open the door and enter, he is frowned into immovability.

Again, the audience never loses trace of the rhythm, may the passage or the musical composition be ever so strongly involved, and twisted, and rambling from key to key, from chord to chord. And having said all of this, one has n't even reached a tithe of a description which can furnish an idea of this master's performance. Those wonderful virtuoso artifices,

which require almost legerdemain and sleight-of-hand to accomplish, which with the great player are usually each the culmination of an effort — he scatters them about continually, and in never-ceasing showers, as an apple tree scatters blossoms in a spring storm! And the delicacy, the pearliness, the intricacy of these ornamentations, these instrumental fireworks that glitter and flash over his play! It was the realization of an old dream, the stepping into life of a slight, short, dark, queer figure that the early authors of this century have described; it was, in a word, the picture of what Paganini must have been. The magnetism of presence, the almost demoniac influence exerted over his audience, the magician on the violin over again, who evoked what sounds he wished, did with the instrument as he listed,— it was just what Paganini was described to have been. The comparison may not be new,— it probably is not,— for it must strike every one who hears Remenyi.

— Music Trade Review, Dec. 21, 1887.

When Remenyi came upon the stage he was received with hearty applause. Nothing in his appearance tells of the poetic or artistic genius within. Little as Wilhelmj looked like a great and poetic artist, Remenyi looks less so. But this is only the seeming. With the first few minutes' playing on the violin there is a transformation in the man, a trans-

figuration, one would almost say. His play fills and possesses the hearer, and one ceases to have eyes, one has only ears — ears and an imagination. And now comes the difficulty of specifying the particular qualities that distinguish this performance. It is great by right of the wonderfully clear, sweet tones, the surpassing technique, the utter command of resources, and the finished, brilliant production. But its peculiarity lies deep in sentiment delicately and touchingly expressed, and in culminations that are radiant in their power and effect; also, in a delicacy of treatment which seems like infinite tenderness, and a poetic fragrance and fervor that continually suggest pictures and words, as an incarnation of sounds.

And now the reader who was not present will imagine that all has been told of Remenyi. Not the half nor the quarter! There is a wonderful intensity that vivifies and points his play, an almost piercing intensity, which sends it to the brain of every hearer, straight like an arrow. Not to the heart, for you are too much astonished, too much overwhelmed to feel deeply. Then there are color and expression which markedly and unmistakably vibrate in the faintest pianissimos, in those passages that float through the house like a spirit-breath, that are more felt than heard,— in those passages as well as in the broad violoncello sounds, in the mad runs, in the pearly trills, in everything!

— Hartford Daily Times, Dec. 20, 1878.

PIKE'S Opera House was filled last night with an audience congregated to greet the eminent pianist, Julia Rive-King, assisted by Edouard Remenyi, the Hungarian violinist, Gertrude Franklin, a soprano vocalist of New York, and the Thomas Orchestra. No. 2, the concerto (andante and rondo) by Mendelssohn, brought to the front the celebrated violinist, Remenyi. The pure, beautiful, entrancing tones from Remenyi's wonderful instrument seemed to talk with words of sympathy and consolation. It was soul-music, heart-music, brain-music, tender, touching, sympathetic, and melancholy, delicate as a summer zephyr. At times it seemed like moonbeams filtered to earth from a spring night's sky. The rondo opened with the horns, a short prelude, followed with a rapid staccato movement. Every note of the melody seemed a diamond, clear and bright as a raindrop 'neath a summer sun. Then came long sustained notes, sandwiched between the very quick movements, made so much the more fairylike and impressive by contrast. The audience became so enthused with the performance that at short intervals storms of applause caused the hall to reëcho, and at the close of the piece, shouts, the clapping of hands, and evidences of approbation and delight recalled the distinguished artist, who generously played Schubert's " Serenade " with a tenderness and feeling we have never heard surpassed. It was as sweet as the " first whisperings of love." Even

Thomas joined in the recognition of eminent talent, and split the palms of his white kids in token thereof.

— CINCINNATI COMMERCIAL, Jan. 30, 1879.

REMENYI has that fire and passion which thrill, stir, and fascinate. Wilhelmj was classic and colossal; Remenyi is romantic and poetical. There is the same difference between them that there is between Beethoven and Berlioz as composers, or between an antique statue and a highly wrought picture of the modern French school. Theodore Thomas covered the ground very completely when he said that Wilhelmj played to the musician and Remenyi to the musicians and the other people. The dullest listener, who might hear Wilhelmj unmoved, could not help being stirred by Remenyi. His contrasts are very broad. In the Chopin nocturne, and the Schubert "Serenade," which he gave for an encore, and in the first of the Paganini capriccios, which is a slow movement, he played with exquisite tenderness, and at times with a delicacy almost feminine, producing a tone full of sweetness and a peculiarly dreamy, fascinating effect. Again, as in the Hungarian melodies, the "Otello Fantasie," and the second Paganini capriccio, with a fervor, fire, and abandon which were irresistible. His technique is simply boundless and equal to any emergency. In this respect he is the peer of any living player we have heard. It is

simply electrifying, strangely fascinating, and magnetic as was that of Rubinstein as compared with Von Bülow. His bowing is often eccentric, and there is a *grotesquerie* at times in his work that closely approaches the sensational, but there is no opportunity to criticise such a player. He sweeps criticism and every sort of objection away. A man with the temperament of an iceberg might perhaps dissect his playing, but unless he is at that degree of frigidity he can remember little else but the potent spell of the fascination which this great player weaves around him, the exquisite colors, the dazzling brilliancy, and the absolute abandon of his work.

—CHICAGO TRIBUNE, Feb. 5, 1879.

THE greeting awarded to the distinguished Hungarian violinist last evening was one of extraordinary fervor, and the occasion was in all respects a great one of its kind. . . .

It has been said of Remenyi that he is a Liszt of the violin, for the reason perhaps that he possesses a mysterious power over the weird, pathetic, appealing tones of his instrument. It should be said, rather, that he is a poet of the violin, and that he is great enough in his own right to stand alone without being bolstered up by a simile which involves the name of any other master. Coming as he does so soon after Wilhelmj, the sharp contrast of his style inevitably suggests a comparison with that eminent virtuoso.

It is a comparison which illustrates the different phases of genius, but detracts nothing from either master. The Hungarian is not impressive in personal appearance. His stature is below the medium, and his face is rather that of a sleek, well-fed *abbé* of a French village than of a musician who plays to kings and capitals. Neither is he a graceful player, and his habit of whirling the bow over his head and striking a powerful staccato note as it descends upon the strings would seem meretricious if it were not evidently unpremeditated. There is in Remenyi little suggestion of the pure classicism of Wilhelmj, the calm, noble dignity, the broad purity and grace of style which have made the latter unrivalled in his special field. But Remenyi is not less great in his way. He is the most individual and characteristic of violinists. His playing is the refinement of poetic sentiment and delicate execution. He takes large license with his composer, and is most felicitous in his renditions of Chopin, whose dainty rhythmic measures impose but slight restrictions upon the performer in respect to tempo and expression. His command of his instrument is complete, and unlike that of any other master unless there may be in it perhaps a suggestion of Vieuxtemps. It is difficult at times to see how the effect is produced; the bow seems to make a succession of round, crisp notes with hardly a perceptible movement on the strings; anon the fire of his hot-blooded race seems

to break out, the player closes his eyes, bends forward, and every string of his violin seems to quiver and speak at once. In the programme of last evening the violinist had three numbers, Ernst's "Otello Fantasie," a nocturne and mazurka by Chopin, with his own transcription of a Hungarian melody, and, finally, two characteristic capriccios by Paganini. These, with the attendant encores, gave him an arduous evening, but he played with evident enjoyment, and was received with enthusiastic favor. As an enchanted visitor from one of the neighboring counties remarked, it was "the silkiest fiddlin' he had ever heard."

— CLEVELAND LEADER, Feb. 11, 1879.

MR. PUGH gave to his Star Course audience last evening one of the best concerts that has been given in Philadelphia for a long time. The important feature of it was the violin-playing of Remenyi, the Hungarian violinist, whose performance had the rare merit of equalling, if not surpassing, its promise, as well as the reports from other cities. There have been many noisier and more demonstrative players of his instrument here, and some that have done very astonishing things. But in delicacy of tone and elegance of touch with the fingers and the bow, combined with intellectual and emotional expression in interpreting music, scarcely any one can be fairly said to have equalled him.

Remenyi played Ernst's fantasia on "Otello" as it has rarely, if ever, been played here, and for an encore gave a transcription of Schubert's "Serenade," which was remarkable as he played it, for no other violinist could so fill with human tenderness an air written for the voice. Later in the evening his transcriptions of piano compositions by Chopin showed the same rare power of taking another's work and inspiring it with the soul that dwells in his instrument. The characteristic Hungarian airs, however, showed him at his best, and perhaps it was well that he concluded with some of Paganini's gymnastic work, just to show that he could do it as well as anybody. But evidently his art is seen to most advantage in music of the graceful, tender sort, in which the artist can express or respond to the feeling of the composer. When playing pianissimo, now in sustained measure, and again in a rush of delicate cadences; now with the full tone of the strings, and again in harmonics, the purity of which we have never heard equalled, there is always an expression of thorough feeling as well as of perfect technique.

—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin,
Mar. 25, 1879.

REMENYI'S COMPOSITIONS*

Tibor Remenyi, son of the violinist, furnishes the following partial list of his father's compositions:

1. Fantasia "Les Huguenots" (dedicated to the Emperor of Germany).
2. "Valse Nobile" (for violin).
3. Introduction and "Marche Hongroise."
4. Fantasia, "Barbier de Seville."
5. "Hymn of Liberty" (for chorus and orchestra).
6. "The Death of Gezirel Hassan."
7. "Tragedy."
8. Two concertos for violin.
9. "Hungarian Hymn."
10. "Nouvelle Ecole du Violon."
11. "Trois Morceaux Hongrois."
12. "Home, Sweet Home" (arrangement).
13. Choral Theme.
14. Transcription of Field's Nocturnes.
15. Transcription of Chopin's Polonaises.
16. Several transcriptions from Bach and Schubert.

**Remenyi's principal work in composing was in his remarkable adaptations or arrangements of music for practical use for the violin, or the violin with other instruments, his great desire being to increase what he called "the literature of the violin."*—G. D. K.

PROGRAMME OF

REMENYI'S FIRST CONCERT IN THE UNITED STATES (1850)

EDOUARD REMENYI,
Violinist, late from Hungary,
Begs to announce to the lovers of music that his
Grand Vocal and Instrumental
Concert
will take place at
Niblo's Saloon, Saturday evening, January 19, 1850.
On which occasion he will be assisted by the following artists:
MADAME STEPHANI
A native Hungarian (her first appearance)
MR. WM. SCHARFENBERG
MR. H. C. TIMM
And an efficient orchestra under the direction of
MR. TH. EISFELD.

PROGRAMME

Part I

1. Overture to "Othello" . . . . . *Rossini.*
   Orchestra.
2. Concerto for the violin . . . . . *Vieuxtemps.*
   M. Remenyi.
3. Aria from "Il Flauto Magico" . . . . *Mozart.*
   Mme. Stephani.
4. Capriccio for the piano . . . . *Mendelssohn.*
   Mr. Scharfenberg.
5. Concerto for the violin . . . . . *Molique.*
   M. Remenyi.

Part II

6. Overture to "Felsenmühle" . . . *Reissiger.*
Orchestra.
7. Aria from "Pré aux Clercs." With obligato accompaniment of violin . . . . *Hérold.*
Mme. Stephani and M. Remenyi.
8. Duo for violin and piano, on *motifs* from "Sonnambula" . . . . . *De Beriot.*
Mr. Timm and M. Remenyi.
9. Aria . . . . . ———
Mme. Stephani.
10. Hungarian Native Melodies . . . . ———
M. Remenyi (arranged by himself).

Remenyi made the following observations on this programme twenty-eight years after it was given: "I was then a mere child, only fourteen years old, and I did not look to be any more than nine or ten. I did not begin to grow until I was eighteen or nineteen, and I did not grow very tall then. My family was exiled for participating in the war for the independence of Hungary. I bore a small part in that Revolution myself, although I was but twelve years old at the time. Kossuth came to America an exile, in 1852, I think.* I began to play the violin when I was nine years old, and the exiles in whose company I came to New York spoke of my extraordinary ability for one so young. We were very warmly received in New York and shown every courtesy. I had no money, and some charitable gentlemen of the city

**Kossuth arrived at Washington, on the invitation of the United States, December 30, 1851.*—EDR.

conceived the idea of giving a concert to furnish me with funds to enable me to finish my musical education abroad. I do not recollect the names of those kind gentlemen — only one, a Mr. Bailey, who was a rich merchant. They were pleased to think I had a natural talent for the violin which was worth developing. I remained in the United States only five or six months, and with the proceeds of this concert I went to France and Germany to prosecute my studies. I put myself under the instruction of the great master Lizst and became, so he said, an apt pupil."

"Oh," exclaimed Remenyi, with an expressive gesture, "music in America was in its infancy. You had comparatively nothing. Music in this country to-day is in a flourishing state. More works of the great masters are given in New York than in many of the larger cities of Europe. Thomas did a splendid work for New York; he gave many of your people a fine musical education. And the people of this city still have leaders like Dr. Damrosch, Carlberg, and Neuendorf. There can be no comparison between music in New York in 1850 and 1878. The growth and development of correct musical taste has been wonderful."

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